THE VILLAIN, A TRAGEDY

Written by T. PORTER *Esq;*

Fœlix et prosperum Scelus Virtus vocatur.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the *Anchor* in the New Exchange, and *Samuel Speed* at the *Rainbow* in Fleetstreet. 1663.

THE
PROLOGUE.

As I appear, (me-thinks) I hear ſome ſay,
O, this is He that muſt excuſe the Play!
They better gueſs than thoſe who think I'm ſent
To dare the Cenſures of th' Impertinent;
Such a Poëtique Choler would appear
Juſt like that Courage which is rais'd by Fear.
But (Gentlemen) in troth I'm only come
To tell ye that the Author is gone home,
To ſhun your Doom, like ſome poor Couzen'd Wench
That has not Confidence t' out-face the Bench.
We were ſuch Fools as to perſwade his Stay,
But (ſmiling at us) He made haſte away,
And ſaid ye could not ſo much honor lack,
As to ſpeak ill of him behind his back.

SCENE, *TOURS.*

Clairmont	The General.
La Bar	Gentleman of his Horſe.
Dorvile	Governour of the Town.
Briſac	A young Colonel.
Beaupres	His Friend.
Maligni	His Major and a Villain.
Bouteſeu, *Delpeche*, *Lamarch*	Officers in *Briſac*'s Regiment.
Colignij	An Impertinent young Scrivener.
Cortaux	His Father.
Belmont	Siſter to *Briſac*.
Charlotte	Daughter to *Dorvile*.
Mariane, *Trancibell*	Siſters to *Colignij*.
Luyſon	A waiting woman to *Bellemont*.
Surgeon, &c.	

Hoſt
Wife
Fryer

THE

THE VILLAIN.

ACT 1. SCENE 2.

Enter D'orvile, Briſac, Beaupres.

D'or. YOu have oblig'd me, Sir, in your laſt grant.

Briſ. It ſtill has been my ſtudy how to ſerve
A man of Honor. This is no ſuch favour.

D'or. Pardon me, Sir, I do eſteem it highly,
And do once more aſſure you, that your merit
Shall find the Welcome that the Town affords;
You freely ſhould command all that is here,
From the ſole Merit you your ſelf poſſeſs,
Which with an Obligation I've receiv'd
Lately, and in the perſon of my Friend,
Does doubly claim performance of my Promiſe.

Briſ. Enough, good Sir:
You make me bluſh, I have not yet deſerv'd
The Honor that you now enrich me with.

D'or. I have done, Sir.
An Officer of yours?

Briſ. Turns to Beaupres and ſalutes him.

Brif. He is my friend, and in that Office bears
Command o'r all that e'r I ſhall call mine.
Beau. One that is proud to wait upon his worth,
And take the Copy of a gallant man
From his ripe Youth.
D'or. Believe me, Sir, your perſon does beſpeak
An expectation in all thoſe that ſee you,
Of what is Great and Generous in a Man.
Brif. You 've read him right.
D'or. I cannot doubt it, Sir:
For Friendſhip in Young-men breeds a delight
In doing great and worthy things, whereby
They may tie faſt the bond of Friendſhip ſworn.
That Prince is happy who in's Army has
Such Rivals unto Virtue and to Honor;
And yet rejoyce when either courts them well.
Beau. Your praiſe will make me ſtudy to deſerve it.

Enter Malignii.

Brif. Well, Major, have you yet diſpos'd the men?
Mal. They are all Billited, ſaving ſome few
That were deſign'd unto the place you mention'd.
Brif. Make up their Quarters out of thoſe ſame Blanks
My ſervants drew, and yours, my deareſt Friend,
May ſerve for ſix, I know you will not leave me.
D'or. Leave that to me; the favour's very great:
You have remov'd the trouble from the place
That calls my Friend its Landlord.
Brif. But not with an intention, 't ſhould be put
Upon your care.
There's room enough, he knows how to diſpoſe them.
D'or. I muſt ſubmit: but pleaſe you all to grace
My houſe and me; and if it do not ſpeak
So large a welcome as my heart does mean,
Blame my poor power, not my want of will.
Brif. Pleaſe you to lead the way, we'l follow.
Stops him as he's going. *D'or.* I'm proud to be your guide in this occaſion.
Mal. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
Brif. Prethee, *Beaupret*, go you along, Tell

Tell him he ſhall not long expect our coming. [*Exit* Beaupres.
Now, Major, ſpeak your buſineſs.

Mal. Have you deſign'd your Siſter ſhould come here,
And ſtay this Winter-Quarter 'mongſt your Troops?

Brif. You know I have: But prethee why do'ſt ask?
Do'ſt think that *Tours* is like unto the Camp?

Mal. No, but-----

Brif. But what? are there not hundreds more
Of the ſame Quality that reſide here?
My houſe not fifteen Leagues from hence,
Why ſhould I bar her being here this winter?
'Twas but a year ago you wondred much
I would confine her to a Country life,
And ſaid, her breeding was not like my Siſter's,
Though ſhe did want no Maſters could inrich
Her mind and carriage; yet then you thought fit
She ſhould ſee *Paris* and its Bravery.

Mal. I hope my care does give you no offence?

Brif. No, Honeſt *Malignii*, I know you've been
My friend ſince I writ Man; do but ſpeak
To ſhow the error of your friendly Doubts.

Mal. I'm glad you ſo interpret them.

Brif. I know they are:
Do'ſt think our Regiment a ſweeping plague,
That does infect whole Towns it quarters in;
Or that it breaths the air of Vice on all
The Virgins live in the ſame Horizon?
Ha, ha, ha!
I know they'r Blades, but yet I think they'l ſcarce
Preſume to venture on my Siſter.

Mal. Fie, Sir, I never thought on that.

Brif. What then? I cannot gueſs your meaning.

Mal. Nor I, till time (which ripens all) diſcloſe it.

Brif. Well then let's wait that time:
But now it is decreed ſhe comes,
Beaupres to morrow goes to fetch her hither.

Mal. 'Tis wondrous well and fine.

Brif. What is?

Mal. This Town.

Brit. I, is it not a lovely ſeat?
But this ſame River *Loyre* is bleſt along
It's bank's with ſeveral of ſuch City's.
Come, come, the Governour will ſtay for us.
Malig. I'l wait upon you Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Colignii *and* Cortaux.

Cort. I hope thou wilt.
There is a Captain quarters at my houſe,
Be ſure you bid your Siſters treat him well;
But heark you Sir; I'd have you watch their Waters,
Theſe men of warr will ſtraight-wayes clap a-Board.
Colig. I'l warrant you Father, let me alone.
Cor. But you muſt ſtill be civil, and give way,
When th' other Officers do come to viſit.
Colig. What do you mean Father, muſt I leave the Room and ſhut the Dore?
Cor. Away, you Dunce, I mean you muſt take heed
That you do no ways interrupt diſcourſe.
Colig. I ſhall Sir.
Cor. I ſay you muſt not by no means.
Pox how I ſhall be plagu'd!
Why they will ſtraight perceive thou art ill bred.
I'l ſend thee ſtraight into the Country,
For here thou wilt be Jeer'd, or may be kill'd
For doing ſome prepoſterous fooliſh thing.
Colig. I fear not that;
But good Sir conſider the ſmallneſs of this ſtock.
Cor. Why here is more, a Crown in gold.
Be ſure you wear this ſtil but for a ſhow.
Colig. I'l do as does befit a man.
Cor. As does befit a Gudgeon.
Well Sir lets ſee how you will bear your ſelf;
I fear wee ſhall have ſome prank tricks o'th' ſchool.
Colig. Here comes our Gueſt Father.

Enter D'Elpeche *and ſervants.*

D'elpe. The Maſter of this houſe I think you are?
Cor. The man that's honor'd with that title Sir.

Colig.

Colig. Yes 'tis my Father Sir, and I'm his Son.
D'elpe. I did believe as much.
Sir I muſt beg your p tience for the trouble
My men and I muſt give you this ſame Winter,
But they ſhall ſtil moſt orderly obſerve
A juſt Decorum which befits the place.
Cor. Your men!
Why Sir I hope your whole Troop is not quarter'd
Upon my houſe?
D'elpe. Oh no Sir!
I mean my ſervants,
They are men too.
Colig. Yes indeed father are they,
The Gentleman ſpeak's truth,
The Captain I ſhould ſay Sir:
I humbly Crave your pardon: 'twas a miſtake.
D'elpe. O Sir, the fault is not ſo great.
Colig. I hope ſo Sir: I ſhould be loath in any way t'offend.
Cor. Hold you your prating;
Sir, you freely may command this houſe,
And him that's owner of't.
D'elpe. Your ſervant Sir.
Cor. And if in ought my Son can do you Service,
Pray command him too.
Colig. I, or if my Siſters can do you Service,
Pray command them too.
D'elpe. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy ſtil to be their Servant.
Cor. You muſt be prating ſtil. *Takes him aſide.*
Colig. Why Father, would you not have me civil
To our new gueſt the Captain?
Cor. Yes, but mark me, and Imitate.
D'elpe. Are theſe his Siſters *To himſelf.*
Which he talks of, handſome?
Cor. Y'are melancholy Sir;
Shall we walk in and taſt the fruit,
Or rather Juicy ſubſtance of th' laſt Vintage?
Colig. Which is to ſay,
Let's crack a Bisket o'r a glaſs of Wine.
D'elpe. I did conceive as much:

I ſhall wait on you Sir.

Colig. And I will wait on you moſt noble Captain.

D'elpe. O Lord Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Malignii *Solus.*

Malig. *Beaupres* to morrow go's to fetch her hither;
'Twas ſo he ſaid.
S'death can he ſtil be blind?
I've known him ſubtil as the Ayr, to find
Anothers ſecret out; and glide
Through the ſmall Pores that guard the heart
And there take view of all that it conceal'd;
Such pow'r his Cunning and diſcourſes had;
But now a Mole, or elſe he ſeems to be ſo.
Hair-brain'd *Alecto* lend me but one ſnake,
I'l make his heart the paſture to maintain it;
And all yee Furies hold your Torches high,
That they may Sparkle fier to his Eyes,
And his Soul bubble o'r as faſt as yours;
'Twill be a gallant flame when his fierce rage
Shoot's forth in Flakes like *Aetna* in her Labour,
And *Beaupres* too, that is as hot as hee,
Shall meet that Ardor with an Equal heat;
Oh how my Soul rejoyces when I think on't!
Back, back, yee fooliſh thoughts, of man, and honour,
Y'are but diſeaſes to me, and my Love
Hath long been Peſtered with your Childiſh fears;
That is the Deity which I adore,
And what doth not conduce to profit that,
Shall ſtil be held Heretical by me.

Enter Beaupres.

Ha! What maks him follow me.

Beaup. *Malignii*, as e'r thou wer't my Freind,
Excuſe me to my Colonel,
I dare not ſtay, the health's grow ponderous,
For great glaſſes fill'd,
Burthen the ſtomak and make the head light.

Malig. Why how now Sir, are you turn'd Flincher too?

Nay

Nay then the trick of drinking will grow ſtale :
For ſhame leave not your Colonel ſo.

Beaup. Why there be ſome more Officers with him,
La'march is there, and *Boutefeu* I think,
D'elpech is juſt now entr'd, all ask for you,
For me I think they cannot miſs this night ;
But if my Colonel ſhould Chance to ask,
Say I was much diſtemper'd, and went home ;
Beſids to morrow I muſt be ſtirring early.

Malig. About your Journy ?
Tis better far than drinking,
To entertain one's ſelf ſo neer the joy
With thinking of it.

Beaup. Why ? do you find ſuch pleaſure, Sir, in riding ?

Malig. To wait on ſuch fair objects, Sir, I do.

Beaup. I wonder then you ſpoak not for th' Imployment.

Malig. You had prevented me, or elſe I would.

Beaup. You are miſtaken, Sir, my Colonel
Pitch'd upon me, knowing with what joys
I ſtill was preſt, to bey, and do him ſervice.

Malig. Moſt likely Sir.

Beaup. Good night, good Major, pray excuſe me this time.
[*Exit.*

Malig. Diſeaſes cloſe your Eyes------
How is my ſoul rack't, when I ſee this man ?
And yet my Genius will not give me Leave,
T'attempt my quier, by his ſuddain death ;
Something there is that awes me ſtrangely :
Conſcience I'm ſure it is not :
For did he walk with mark and curſe of Heav'n,
To thoſe that ſhould deprive him of his life,
I'd wiſh this hand had don't ;
Something I muſt find out, and ſuddenly,
To thruſt him on to Ruine :
His Angel muſt be watchful if he ſcape me. [*Exit.*

Enter D'orvile *as conducting them to the door,*
Boutefeu, La'march, Delpeche.

D'orv. I am ſorry gentlemen you will not ſtay.

Bout. Tis late Sir, And

And our Colonel will want his reſt.

La'mar. We fear our trouble has been great already.

D'orv. It was an honor you have done my houſe.

D'elp. No further, Sir, I pray.

La'mar. Sir, I beſeech you leave us here.

D'orv. Gentlemen, I'm ſtill obedient to what you command.

D'elp. Your humbleſt Servants, Sir. [*Exit* D'orville.

La'mar. Now what ſhall we do?

No acquaintance here, *Bouteſeu*?

Nor you, *D'elpeche*? Now I think on't better,

Thou art a Puling Lover,

Writ'ſt Verſes, or at leaſt pretend'ſt to't,

Mak'ſt all addreſs Upſii *Platonick*;

I will not go to bed yet,

What are you for?

Bout. I? why any thing.

D'elpeche, haſt e'r a Miſtris here

We may repair to?

Two hours in Town with thee's an Age;

I know thou canſt not want a Miſtris here.

D'elp. And do you hope I'll bring you to her?

Bout. Why not?

Do'ſt think I would prophane thy Lady Bright

With ſcurvy Courting?

La'mar. Or put thee out of countenance

With ſaying things we never did intend,

But yet ſo quaint and new a Dialect,

That ſhe ſhall ſtand amaz'd at our great wit,

And find by proof hereafter thou haſt none.

D'elp. Why you brace of Baboons,

Do not I know it's a Baudy-houſe you look for?

You Miſtreſſes? *Flanders* Mares,

And thoſe extremely ready to be Hors'd,

You'l hardly ſtay the Courtſhip elſe.

Bont. Why where's the pleaſure of it elſe?

Daily to wait upon my Lady's Dog,

And pick the Fleas that do moleſt his Worſhip;

Make cringes to her Picture,

Swear 'tis Heav'n to hear her hum an Air,

Though

Though out of Tune.
If ſhe but ſmile, fall backward in a Rapture;
If frown, fall in a Swoun and break your face.
La'mar. Or ſit and praiſe the wit ſhe ſhows
In the ingenious chuſing of her colours.
D'el. You ſpeak as if I thus imploy'd my time.
Bout. Moſt certainly thou do'ſt.
La'mar. Come, come, ſhall's go drink?
For yet I will not go to bed.
D'elp. Fie, fie, we're wondrous hot
With Wine already, I could tell ye.
But you are Brutes and will do ſome rude thing.
Bout. I ſwear we wo'nt.
What is't, or where, *D'elpeche?*
D'el. Why look you, Gentlemen,
I'm lodg'd where Beauties live,
Whoſe eyes will force high capers in your bloods:
Will you prepare your morrow's Viſit
With a quaint Serenade this night?
La'mar. Agreed i'faith; where ſhall we get the Muſick?
D'elp. That I did beſpeak before.

Enter Pillers.

See here, I think they're come.
Bou. What are you, Gentlemen,
The merry Boys, that ſaw a heart in ſunder
With your Roſin?
Muſ. This Gentleman beſpoke us here to night.
D'el. I did ſo, pray begin.
Muſ. What ſhall we play, Sir?
D'el. the neweſt Ayrs.
Bout. Pox o' theſe fine things; They play an Ayr or two.
Can you not play the Siege of *Rochel?*
Muſ. Yes, Sir.
D'el. Fie, *Bontefeu*, there's a Tune for Ladies.
Bout. Why then let them play
The Tune we made the Song to th'other night.
La'ma. I, I, by any means. *La'mar.* ſings the Tune to the Muſique.
Lum terum, tum, &c.

Muſ. Oh, Sir, we know the Tune.
Bout. Begin then; *D'elpeche*, you ſhall bear your part.
D'el. My hope is they'l not underſtand us.
La'mar. Come, come, I'l begin.

The Song.

La'mar. *How happy and free is plunder,*
When we care not for Jove *nor his Thunder?*
Having entred a Town,
The Laſſes go down,
And to their O're-comers lie under.
Chorus together. *Then why ſhould we ſtudy to love, and look pale,*
And make long Addreſſes to what will grow ſtale?

Bout. *If her fingers be ſoft, long, and ſlender,*
When once we have made her to render,
She will handle a Flute
Better far than a Lute,
And make what was ha----rd to grow te----nder.
Chor. *Then why ſhould we ſtudy, &c.*

All three ſing this together. *When the houſes with flaſhes do glitter,*
We can ſever our ſweets from the bitter,
And in that bright night
We can take our delight,
And no Dam'ſel ſhall ſcape but we'l hit her.
Chor. *Then why ſhould we ſtudy, &c.*

D'el. Peace, peace, pray peace,
The window opens.
Play and ſing that I ſent you to night.
Muſ. We ſhall, Sir.
La'mar. Plague o' you Tuning, ye Dogs,
Cannot your Inſtruments ſtand in Tune
One quarter of an hour?
D'el. Prethee, *La'march*, be ſilent.

Song.

SONG.

See where Caliſto *wheels about*
The Northern Axle-tree of Heav'n,
And ſwift Bootes *ſtill does Rout*
Before his Laſh the glittering Seven.
View then thoſe Eyes which are more fair
Than any Star that glitters there.

2.

Fair Caſſiopeia, *would'ſt thou gain*
The Prize of glory in thy Sphere?
Try then to borrow of theſe Twain
Two pair of Eyes that ſhine more clear:
For whilſt they ſparkle here below,
Obſcurer Lights we cannot know.

3.

In nights they far out-ſhine the Moon,
And render them like glorious days,
They may contend at height of Noon
To equalize the Sun's bright Rays:
Their Coronet of Hair, though brown,
Does far out-ſhine Ariadne's *Crown.*

4.

Then gently dart thoſe beams; for know,
How quick and fiercely they ſurprize
The Centinels that expect below
The dawning of your beauteous Eyes.
We are your Plants, and if we thrive,
'Tis by your influence that we live.

The window opens quick.

Bon. Ladies, do's this pleaſe you?
D'el. Prethee be ſilent.
La'mar. Why? have you prepar'd any more tricks for them?
Bon. Beſides we ſhould fain hear
The heavenly Muſique of their Voices.
Ladies, can you vouchſafe a Parley?
Mar. We can, Sir;
Though that muſt never give you any hopes,

The Fort is to be rendred.
Bout. We ask it not upon thoſe terms.
Franc. If you do Sirs,
Wee'l ſtraight advance our flag of high defiance.
La'ma. What colour bears it Lady?
Or what Motto?
For it needs muſt be extraordinary,
Since women hold it forth.
Franc. See Sir, the Colour's white,
And for the Motto,
Siſter, what ſhall it bee?
Maria. Any thing, the colour ſpeaks it ſelf,
Tis Innocence.
La'ma. So are your ſheets Lady.
Maria. And ſhall be ſo ſtil for you Sir.
La'ma. Say you ſo? why then come doleful death.
D'elpe. Come, come, *La'mach* we ſhall grow troubelſome,
Tis late; Lady's we humbly kiſs your hands.
Both. We are your Servants Sir.
Shut to the Window.
Bout. Why in ſuch haſte *D'elpeche*?
Pox, why did you take leave ſo ſoon?
I was ſtudying of a fine ſpeech: which now y'ave ſpoyl'd.
D'elpe. No matter, to morrow will ſerve,
I'l teach thee one without book by that time.
Bout. I'm much beholding to your Learning Sir.

Enter the Round.

Round. Stand, who goes there? Speak to the round.
La'ma. Friends to the guard.
Round. I think you are ſome of the officers
That laſt came to Town.
D'elpe. You are in the right Gentlemen.
But whither ſo faſt this way?
Round. To the Governor Sir, for the keys,
There is ſome noble man at the gate,
Deſires preſently to be let into Town.
D'elpe. Know yee who 'tis?
Round. No, but he deſires ſtraight to be conducted
To the Governor. Good-night Gentlemen; tis late.
La'ma. We know it Sirs.

Bout.

Bout. Come, wee two go together.
D'elpeche, you are at home.
La'ma. Adieu Mounſieur; we may I hope,
See theſe Ladies to morrow.
D'elpe. Much may be done, as yee behave your ſelves.
Bout. Adieu Formality.
D'elpe. Good night Swash. [*Exeunt ſeverally.* Bout. *and* La-ma. *goe out with muſique playing them to their Lodging.*

Enter D'orvile, *making himſelf ready, and Servants.*

D'or. I wonder who't ſhould be thus late?
Serv. Some expreſs from Court, Sir.
D'or. I certainly, but what about, I cannot gueſs.
Get things in readineſs,
They ſay, it is a man of Quality.
Serv. Shall I wake the Colonel?
D'or. By no means;
The Complement were ill, to ſtay him here
This night, and trouble him.
Be ſure there be no noyſe made
About his Chamber.
Serv. There ſhall not Sir.
D'or. Go then, diſpatch, and let a Room be ſtraight provided,
That he may reſt himſelf. *Exit ſervant.*
What ſhould this Summons mean?
I hope the king is well.

Enter General, La Barr, *and the guard, with lights before 'em.*

Gener. I hope you'l pardon this diſturbance?
D'or. The greateſt honour could arive unto me.
Gener. La Barr, give the guard to drink.
They're carefull men, and ought to be rewarded. *Exit Guard.*
D'or. I'm glad you found 'em ſo;
If negligent, the blame had all been mine. *aſide.*
But Sir, I hope no evill accident
Is cauſe that you travel now ſo late.
Gener. None, I aſſure you Governor.

I had a great deſire to wait upon you,
And free my ſelf from the Tempeſtuous noiſe,
And Turbulent cares, the Court afflicts us with:
I hope all health poſſeſſes your fair Daughter.
D'or. She cannot want it Sir, that has your wiſhes:
But you are weary Sir, and want repoſe.
Gener. Indeed I am,
We have rid hard to day;
No lodging's to be found in all the Suburbs,
Elſe we had ſpar'd you this nights trouble.
D'or. You then had wrong'd your ſervant much.
But Sir, tis morning, you may break faſt
Before you go to bed.
Gener. Not now, for I am wondrous weary.
D'or. I ſhall Conduct you then unto your Chamber.
Gener. Come, *La-Barr*, I think thou ſleep'ſt.
Exit before *D'orv. La'barr.*

ACT 2. SCENE 1.

Enter Malignii.

Malig. HE's gon,
And may the plagues of hell perſue his ſteps.
How diligent he is to my undoing?
I have ben all this night as watchfull too
As hee; though from a different cauſe:
For mine was malice, and a jealous hate,
That tenterhookt my Eye-lid's, when as ſleep
Did poize 'em down;
Curſe be the Guards that let him forth,
At that dead time of night,
Some trick might elſe have ſtay'd his journey;
And may be her's from comming hither;
I ſhall grow mad to ſee this Beard-leſs boy
Out-rival mee, in what I moſt eſteem.

Oh

Oh *Bell-mont*, too cruel, and too fair!
But yet, I will not fall alone;
That minute, *Malignii*, thy hopes ſhall leave thee,
Reſolve, all bliſs and comfort ſhall leave her,
Unleſs thy wits with hope ſhall take their flight.
For I am not that curious Coxcomb Lover,
That ſuffers patiently, and will admit
He not deſerves when ſhe does think unfit.
They that can make me ſuffer without pitty,
Deſerve inflictions from my brains requital.
-------I have it, --------or if that fail,
Boutefeu's an Engine I can ſet a-work.
A blunt, conceited fool-----
And for his temper-----
I'l mannage him, no Chymiſt with more Art,
And when I pleaſe, his worſhip flies in Fumo.
But firſt, I'l to my Colonel to move,
All ſails is beſt to catch at fleeting Love.

[*Exit.*

Enter D'orvile, Charlotte.

D'orv. You know I never did refuſe you ought
Was fitting you ſhould ask, or I ſhould grant;
Nor am I ſuch a Jealous fool, *Charlotte*,
To doubt the ſtrength of your fair Education:
But as it is your duty to obey,
So it is mine to tell you freely now
Wherein and how I do expect it from you.
You know what Gueſt arrived here laſt night,
(Whoſe father was the maker of my fortune)
He's young, and has a preſence too too fair,
To truſt a Courtſhip without timely counſel;
I know his aims at you.

Charl.

Charl. 'Tis more than yet I am acquainted with;
Do you not mean *Briſac?*
D'orv. No, no, you know I don't;
Or are you ignorant of viſits that concern you?
'Tis *Clairmont* the young brave General,
Arriv'd here when we were all a-bed.
Charl. Truly I did not know ſo much.
D'orv. Nor had you no ſuſpition of his coming?
Charl. Why do you ask me, Sir?
Do you ſuſpect ſecret intelligence
'Twixt him and me? I hope my Honor's fair
In your belief, elſe truly I am wrong'd.
D'orv. It is, my deareſt Girl;
Nor is it an opinion of thy weakneſs
That draws this counſel from me,
But tender care my love does owe thy youth,
And as a father I do owe my child.
Charl. Proceed, dear Sir,
And from me expect a full obedience.
D'orv. Know then, (*Charlotte*) a Maid with beauty ſtor'd,
Ought to be Miſtris of much care and wit,
Not to eſteem the Treaſure of a face
Or body, more than of a fairer mind.
I counſel no neglect of them; but ſtill
With equal labour ſtrive to gain the Prize
Of Beauty's Lawrel, and of being wiſe;
Or elſe your ſob'reſt Looks will ſtill provoke,
And what you meant for Chaſt be conſtru'd Love;
Till you have got repute of all the world
That you are virtuous, as they think you fair:
Then like a Beauteous Field of Corn you'l ſhow,
Which none may reap, though all admire and wiſh,
Till the right Owner calls this Harveſt home.
Nor Love conſents that Beauty's Field lie waſte,
Weed out all Vice, and plant fair Virtue there;
Of all, be warie of an eaſie Faith,

A root that quite deſtroys a Virtuous mind;
The bitter ſeed is Candy'd with ſweet words,
Which when the Sugar's melted all away,
Does ſhoot up into infamy and ruine;
For though that Nature made you to be won,
Yield not till by a fair approach your ta'n.
D'ye underſtand me what I mean by this?

Charl. I ſhall do, Sir, by that time you have ended.

D'orv. In ſhort, I'd have you know
In fewer words, without all Parables,
I am not ignorant why *Clairmont* comes hither,
And though he does pretend a wearineſs
Of buſineſs, and the crowding of a Court,
'Tis to ſee you he comes, and ſo he'l tell you;
Thus far I know: but whether ill or well
He means in his addreſſes, you'l beſt learn-----
In fine, your Honor now (which ſtill is mine)
Depends upon upon the trial of your virtue,
And if your beauty could attract his eyes,
Your virtue try'd will tie 'em conſtant to you.

Charl. All theſe have been the Leſſons of my Mother,
And I may hope that I am perfect in 'em.

D'orv. I hope ſo too, *Charlotte*; and ſo I leave you,
For I do hear *Clairmont*'s already up.

[*Exit* D'orv.

Charl. What wondrous pains our Parents ſeem to take?
Who though they gave us Natures, cannot frame
What they themſelves have made, obedient to them.
I think my Stars, mine is not ſo deprav'd,
That I need bluſh the owning of its paſſions.
But why my Soul, Image of Heavenly Good,
Should ſtoop to Earth, and hearken to the World,
And the baſe Cries of worldly intereſt,
None but a father's care can reaſon give:

For I'm too young and innocent to know
Trichs of diſſembling and forc'd piety.
Clairmont's a worthy man, I muſt confeſs,
And one, whoſe Love were too much honor for me;
Nor could I juſt exceptions ever find
Againſt his perſon; yet, to ſpeak the truth,
I never yet could find my ſelf inclin'd
To love his Perſon or his glorious Mind;
Eſteem as much as ever I could give,
He ſtill receiv'd from me as reverence due.
But whither art thou fled, my innocence?
I grow too knowing; can diſtinctions make
Beyond my Leſſons, 'twixt Eſteem and Love;
Do know their different Concords on the mind,
And can diſtinguiſh either's harmony.
For ſhame, *Charlotte*, be ſilent in thy fault:
Ha! I hope I have committed none as yet,
Nor do I think I ever ſhall:
I love, 'tis true: but thouſand Deaths I'l die
Ere I betray my frailty to the Man,
He ne'r ſhall brag one look hath conquer'd me;
For though my Love be Virtuous, yet ſo ſoon
To be o're-come will argue Eaſineſs;
Alas! why ſhould it though? muſt it be time
Should conquer more than ſympathy of mind?
Great god of Love, pitty a Virgins fate,
And if I muſt be wounded by thy hand,
Spare not the Inſtrument that caus'd my harm,
If he be wounded too I ſhall not mourn.
Lord! how I talk? but Womens hearts oppreſs'd,
Will breathe their ſecrets to the careleſs Air,
Rather than ſilence keep: Great god of Love,
Once more I beg that thou my Patron prove.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Collignii, Cortaux.

Coll. O Lord, Sir! d'yee think I know not what I do?
Cort. Before heaven, I'l break thy head,
If thou but attempt it.
Colig. That's a good one i'faith;
I know you do but try my Civility,
And whether I can be peremptory in good manners;
In fine, I am reſolute, and ſo much for that.
Cort. Well, and ſo much for that too. [*Beats him.*
Colig. Nay, now I am reſolv'd,
Nor ſhall thy Fate, O *Rome*------
Cor. Will ye, will ye, Sirrha?
Curſe on thy folly, it will be my ſhame.
Colig. I'm ſure yours will be my ſhame,
Nay, a ſhame to our whole Family.
Not requite Obligations?
Ingratitude's a black Sin.
Cort. But why in the open day?
Colig. Becauſe they ſhall know 'twas I did it.
Cort. They'l take thee for a Fidler,
And think thou com'ſt to give them their welcome
To th' Town.
Col. P'heu! I'l warrant ye, why do I look
Like a Fidler? ha, ha, ha!------

Enter Mariane, Francibel.

Cort. Here's your Siſters,
Ask 'em if if it were fit.
Col. What? am not I as wiſe as they?

Though they be of our counſel for the hemming of your
Bands and Cuffs, I hope I know what belongs to
Gallantry (as they call't.)

Mar. Indeed you are a prime Gallant.

Fran. Yes faith, ask the Woman of the Tennis-Court elſe,
Who beat you for filching of her Balls to play
At Bouls on Holidays.

Mar. For Stew'd-prunes and Ginger-bread.

Col. Out, Puſs-------

Cort. Nay, nay, I think they'l tell you your own.

Mar. Pray, Sir, what trim thing would he do now?

Cort. S'death, he would carry the Fidlers to give
The Gentlemen that were at your window laſt night
A Serenade at Noon-day.

Fran. Cokes him, Pugg------

Col. Baggages, I would ſo thrum your Jackets,
If it were not for my father,
I ſhould make you more mannerly.

Mar. Away, Gull----

Cort. Nay, nay, too much of one thing's good for nothing.

Col. I will have Muſick for the Gentlemen,
As far as this can go; and that you ſhall ſee too,
And ſo be with ye.

[*Exit* Col.

Mar. Nay, pray ſtay, Sir, let him have his humor.

Cort. Pox on's humors, my Purſe will be the lighter
For his humors.

[*Exit* Cortaux.

Franc. Not lighter than his head, I'l warrant ye.

Mar. I find my father's conſideration in this buſineſs
Proceeds from the Purſe, more than from any folly
He conceives in the Action.

Fran:

Fran. Truly, Sister, I am much of your opinion.
But do'ſt think the Blades will come to viſit us to day?
Mar. I'l warrant you; prethee let's in, we are not half in order to receive them. [*Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter General *and* La-Parr.

Clair. How careful are we in a trifling dreſs,
As if our clothes put ſtops unto the mind,
And fram'd the harmony of our Miſtreſs thoughts?
Lab. It argues cleanly curioſity,
A thing that draws the ſubtileſt Lady's eyes
To an attention of the perſon.
Clair. But do'ſt thou like this dreſs?-----
I am ſo little us'd to care how 'tis,
I know not when I'm well;
I us'd to take my Tailors word,
But now I am growing mighty ſcrupulous.
Prethee ſurvey me well,
How is my hair here; I'l wear no Cloak,
A Sword and Belt alone does better.
Lab. A good ſhape ſtill thinks it warm.
Clair. How can I chuſe when I am all on fire?
Oh! how I long to ſee my fair *Charlotte*!
Lab. But have you quite forgot your fair *Bellmont*?
Clair. Thou know'ſt ſhe never would be kind;
Would'ſt have me doat for ever without hopes?
Beſide, I like her not ſo well as this.
Lab. Yet if I might but freely ſpeak my thoughts-----
Clair. Prethee do.
Lab. I think her beautiful as any one.
Clair. I thought ſo too once,
But ſhe was coy, peſtilent coy.
Lab. 'Tis true, there was ſomething in the wind,
More than I underſtood: ſhe would have hearken'd elſe.
Here comes her Brother, Sir.

Enter Briſac, D'elpeche, Lamirch, Bouteſeu, *ſalute* Clairmont *ſeverally.*

Clair. Have you been well quarter'd, Gentlemen?
It was my chiefeſt care you ſhould be ſo.
Briſ. Extremely well, Sir, we humbly thank you.
Clair. Well, what news? how d'ye mean to paſs this Winter?
Briſ. We little hop'd to have had the happineſs,
That your fair preſence brings unto the place.
Clair. What can there be more pleaſant to the mind,
Than ſharing mirth, with thoſe have ſhar'd in danger?
We will be merry, Gentlemen, ſhall we not?
Are the Players good that are in Town?
Monſieur *D'elpeche*, you know, you are a Virtuoſo.
D'el. They ſay themſelves they will do wonders for us,
I never ſaw 'em Act.
Briſ. I think the ſelf ſame Band was once at *Orleans*.
Bout. The ſame, Sir, had the great miſchance.
Clair. What was it, prethee?
Bout. Acting *Orpheus* deſcent into Hell,
Their Fire-works ſet a fire on the Stage,
Which burnt ſome part o'th' Town.
Clair. The Town then ſhar'd in their misfortune.
Bout. Moſt certain, Sir.
Clair. But, Colonel, what Ladies are in Town?
You are a neighbour born unto this place.
Briſ. But 'tis long ſince I have frequented it;
The fair *Roſella* I do hear is dead,
Marri'd to an old Miſer broke her heart with grief.
Clair. Was ſhe ſo handſome as her fame did ſpeak?
Briſ. When I was here laſt,
I did not ſtudy much what Beauty was,
But yet, me-thought, I was much pleas'd to ſee her.
Clair. But don't you now obſerve with ſtricter eyes
A Lady's feature?
Briſ. Troth, Sir, me-thinks I do begin;
Nay, I have ſeen a Lady in this Town
Not much unlike her.
Clair. Prethee who is't?

Briſ

Brif. Sir, that were to diſcloſe my inclinations,
For I extremely like, and that's a kin to Love.
Clair. And ſha'n't I be your confident?
I'll be very ſecret.
Brif. When I begin to love indeed,
Perchance I then will tell you:
But yet the ſecret is not worth your hearing.
Clair. I'll take your word till then.
Brif. But may I dare to hope
You'll be as free with me?
For you of later years
Have much frequented *Tours*,
'Tis ſure for ſomething.
Clair. I know not whether it be ſafe or no
To truſt young men, like you, with my Love ſecrets.
Brif. Moſt ſafely, Sir.
A man like you needs never fear a Rival,
Eſpecially of me.
Clair. I ſhall be glad to hold you ſtill my friend.
Brif. And I much honor'd in that Title, Sir.

Enter D'orville.

Clair. Governor, your humbleſt Servant,
I hope you have excus'd my laſt nights trouble.
D'or. You know not, Sir, with what great zeal
I ſtill ſhall court the honor of your preſence.
Clair. I know your goodneſs, Sir, is infinite,
So is my will to ſhow how much I love you.
D'or. I then need envy no man.
But will you pleaſe to ſee the Works this morning,
There are ſome things are lately finiſh'd
Do add much ſtrength to this fair place.
Clair. With all my heart. Come, I'll go ſee the Works;
Theſe are the off-ſpring of a Soldiers Brain,
Which if they perfect prove, do ſerve to keep
And cheriſh him in's Age from preſſing foes;
They're children left to th' Pariſh to maintain,
And we the bold Pariſhioners muſt do it. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Beaupres, *and* Bellmont, Luyſon, *Boy*, *as from Travaling.*

Beau. Let the Coach be led about by the Bridge,
We'e here can paſs the River with a boat,
An land at the Garden dore.
Boy. We ſhall Sir.
Beau. Now, faireſt *Bellmont*, is the Minute come,
In which your heav'nly charity muſt grant
All that I e're can wiſh for in this World,
Or render me the moſt unhappy in it;
Oh ſpeak my *Bellmont*, are you ſo reſolv'd?
Bellm. Why Sir? do you think my mind ſo ſoon can alter?
You know I promiſ'd to fulfill your will.
Beau. No certainly, I cannot fear that ill.
But faireſt, if your eras were ever Charm'd
With the harmonious ſound of one ſweet Strain,
Would you not wiſh to hear it play'd agen?
How willingly we hear of joyes are paſt?
But how much more of thoſe we are to taſt?
The Fryer will attend us in this walk;
I wonder he appears not yet,
The hour's paſt I did appoint our coming.
Bellm. But pray, Sir, give me leave to ask a queſtion;
And anſwer me without diſſimulation.
Beau. As to my Ghoſtly-father were I dying.
Bellm. I know there are not greater friends on earth
Than you, dear Sir, and my dear brother are;
Why do you not impart this buſineſs to him?
Beau. I'l tell you.
Bellm. Stay: do you think he doth ſuſpect nothing?
Beau. Truly I think he do's not.
Bellm. Pray Sir, then anſwer what I firſt did ask.
Beau. That I am honoured with his kindeſt Love,
I really believe, And that's one reaſon why I'm ſilent to him.
Bellm. That now I do not underſtand.
Beau. That he do's Love me, as I ſaid before,
I think moſt certain; ſo the reaſon is

Of

Of all men's perfect love to one another
A great opinion they are belov'd too;
But did he know the paſſion I have for you,
He then might doubt my freindſhips perfectneſs,
And think it joyn'd with ends upon
His goodneſs to me; and my love to you.
Bred but profeſſion of a love to him.
This, Time I judge could cure him off,
But yet, the doubt I know at firſt will breed
A coldneſs in him; and that coldneſs ſhake
Poor me into ſuch Mortal apprehenſions,
As it would pitty you to ſee it.
That he believes I love you, I don't queſtion,
And ſhall do dayly more, when you are mine,
For I would have the knowledg grow upon him.
Beſides, ſince that wee firmly have reſolv'd that nought
Shall hinder the Uniting of our hearts,
Let's ſtrive to meet our bliſs the neareſt way;
And let dull Travelers purſue the Road.

Bellem. If it be bliſs to make you maſter of
A thing I fear's not worth your ſo great joy,
Know, all that pleaſes you, brings ſuch content
Unto my mind, that I ſhall ſtudy ſtill,
Out of ſelf intereſt, how to pleaſe you moſt.
Here, Sir, can this hand by a proxy wed
It's heart to yours, for that was given firſt.

Beau. And I moſt bleſt in this delivery:
But I will now be baſe as Tradſmen are,
Not truſt, without the bond be ſign'd, and ſeal'd;
'Tis all my wealth, of which I'm Covetous.

Enter Fryer.

Here's one can draw it up, for e ver ſure;
Welcome moſt honored Sir.

Fryer. All happineſs attend you Son;
And to this Lady what my prayers can gain.
I did not think you would be here before me.

Beau. We're making haſte unto our haven Sir,
And you'r the Pilot that we did attend.

Fryer

Fryer. I know fair Lady you'r acquainted with
The purpoſes that my Son did mention to me?
Bellm. I hope a bluſh will be unneceſſary
In actions you allow.
Reverent Sir, I am,
And crave your help as earneſtly as he.
Fryer. Where mutual hearts expreſs the ſame conſent,
Heavens bleſſings give,
As to the proper Emblem of the Church,
And may all your's be doubl'd on your heads.
Beau. Thanks kindeſt father.
Bellm. Thanks moſt Reverent Sir.
Fryer. Come, follow me, where I will make you One,
Till death do's cancel what you promiſe now:
And may you ſtill hereafter bleſs the minute. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lamarch, Boutefeu, *hanging about* D'elpeche.

Lamar. Come, come, prethee *D'elpeche* be not ſo nice,
I tell thee thou ſhalt chuſe,
And one will ſerve us both.
D'elpe. On that condition, Gentlemen, I am for you.
Bout. Why, I'm content, I ſwear I'l break no covenants.
D'elpe. Boutefeu, have you your ſpeech ready?
You mention'd one laſt night.
Bout. Yes that I have, pox' do you think I cannot talk
as finely as you, with your Metaphors and tricks?
Lamar. Yes that a can, for all a looks ſo.
Well Mounſieur we ſhall hear what ſport you'l make,
For I am your Rival.
Bout. I but Mounſieur, I would ſcarce adviſe you
To make ſport with me before our Miſtris:
D'ye mark that Sir?
Lamar. Moſt lovingly I do intend to deal;
What ſhall we be? Centaurs, or Lapithes?
Quarrel about a Wench? no *Pilades*,
I thy *Oreſtes* will be ſtill thy friend,
And yet thy Rival in affection Bully.
Bout. Hey toſs, hard words, that I forbid in our bargain;

I'l

I'l ſnatch away the Wench, if you begin to talk ſo there; 'sdeath I ſhall be bought, and ſold, and not know what they mean; no, no, I'l have none of that, heer's *D'elpeche* can talk hard words enough for u's all.

D'elpe. I Sir, but I ſhun't ſteer your courſe,
I'l leave you to the ſtorms of loud Laughter.

Lama. Wee'l begin with you, ha, ha, ha, -- ſee who'l fare beſt you or wee.

Bout. I, I, then let e'm laugh that winn;
Two againſt one is odds at foot-ball.

Lama. Oh I could bite thy lips off for that;
Nay, nay, the tyde comes in, for Wit begins to flow;
Knock, knock, *D'elpeche*, here is the houſe.

D'elpe. Nay the door is open, enter Gentlemen, 'tis
My Lodging. *Exeunt.*

And Enter again D'elpeche, *leading* Mariane,
Lamarch *and* Bourefeu, Francibell.

Franc. 'Tis too much honour Gentlemen;
And I'm too much acquainted with my ſelf,
Ever to hope that I can pleaſe you both.

Bout. P'heu, never fear that, Lady:
If you will, I know you can do more than that do's come to.

Franc. As how good Sir?

Bout. Nay, Souldiers never give an Explication of that they ſay or doe.

Lama. They may Sir, to their Miſtris,
Without the forfeit of their reputation.

Bout. But what if they wo'n't Sir?

Lama. Then they may chuſe Sir.

Franc. Moſt certain Sir, this Gentleman ſpeaks truth.

Bout. Why then I think yee both are anſwer'd;
But, Lady, as I was about to tell yee,
I love moſt paſſionatly when I do begin.

Lama. And I began, the minute that I ſaw you.

Bout. But that's foul play to end a ſpeech that I
Began.

Lama. Why Sir? I have not made an end yet.

Bout. Prethee then do, and leave us to our ſelves,

Or

Orgo and help *D'elpeche*, he's out of breath.
D'el. 'Tis then with laughing to ſee your fine diſpute.
Ha, ha, ha----
Mar. Ha, ha, ha, Siſter, Siſter, ware Guns, y'are beſieg'd.
Franc. Look you to your own affairs, I'm well mann'd,
And can reſiſt the fierceſt ſtorm.
Bont. Well ſaid, you need fear no Attacks
As long as we are with you.
D'el. Why, Sir, 'tis from you ſhe fears them moſt,
Lamar is kiſſing her hand. And from your friend; See, he has tane in
Her hand already.
Bont. Troth now I think I'm even with him.
Bont. kiſſes th'other. *D'elp.* That thou art, keep ſtill to that, Boy.
See, faireſt Miſtris, how happy thoſe men are
That venture boldly on,
And fear not the mortal Canon of a frown.
Mar. But you more cunningly approach the Fort,
And hope to undermine it ere expected.
Kiſſes her hand *D'el.* Not I, by this fair hand.
Mar. You might have ſpar'd the Oath, yet been believ'd.
D'el. No, I will rather ſwear again, than want credit.
Again.. By this fair hand, the Emblem of your mind,
I love you much, yet is my love as pure
As the white Snow this ſo reſembles.
You are too young and innocent to frame
A Rebel thought, were I made up of ill-----
Mar. But, good Sir, ſwear no more, I will believe you,
And if you'r wiſe you will believe your ſelf.
D'el. I will do any thing that you will have me.
Mar. Pray then let's mark how they behave themſelves.
Fran. So have I ſeen a Dam'ſel lead to Church,
But by ſuch proper men I ne'r ſaw any.
Why, Gentlemen, I have uſe for one hand,
Pray let that go.
Lam. I do, *Bonteſeu*, prethee let her hand go.
Bont. Not I, by Heaven, why don't you, Sir?
Fran. Fie, Gentlemen, Lord how it tickles.
Lam. What does, Madam?
Fran. Why my lip, a flie bit it juſt now.

Bont.

Bout. That's but an excuſe.

Franc. Sir, may be I've a mind to blow my noſe.

Bout. I'll do't for you with my other hand.

Lam. Nay, rather, Madam, I will quit my hold.

Bout. And I'l not be behind-hand in civility.

Franc. I thank ye, Gentlemen, but you, Sir, firſt,
For you did ſhow the way.

Bout. Well, but I let go too.

Franc. You did ſo, Sir, and I thank'd you too.

D'el. Did you ever ſee ſuch Courtſhip?

Mar. Not I truly, Sir; for pitty let's relieve her.

D'el. Well, Gentlemen, how are yee with your fair
Miſtris?

Lam. Troth like beginners, how are you there?

Bout. Sure that very young Lady is not ſo brisk
In her Anſwers.

D'el. We have beaten a Parly, or rather Truce
For ſome time, for we have left Parlying;
But faireſt *Mariane*, will you but bleſs
Our ears with one ſweet Ayr.

Mar. My Siſter, Sir, ſings much better.

Fran. Nay fie, Siſter, now I muſt ſay
You ſhall ſing, you ſhould elſe have wanted
My intreaty; jeer me before company?
You know I never could, nor would ſing.

D'el. I hope her authority and my prayers may be
Succeſsful.

Mar. I will not long be intreated,
For then you will expect much more
Than what you're like to hear from me.

Franc. Siſter, prethee ſing *When* Celadon *gave up his heart.*

Mar. No laughing, Gentlemen, I bar that before-hand,
Your pardons I'l beg afterwards.

SONG.

When Celadon *gave up his heart*
A Tribute to Aſtrea's *eyes*;

She ſmil'd to ſee ſo fair a prize,
Which beauty had obtained, more than Art:
But jealouſy did ſeemingly deſtroy
Her Chiefeſt comfort, and her Chiefeſt Joy.

2

Baſe Jealouſy, that ſtill doſt move
In oppoſition to all bliſs;
And teacheſt thoſe to do amiſs,
Who think by thee, they tokens give of Love:
But if a Lover ever will gain mee,
Let him love much, but fly all jealouſy.

D'elpe. And I will be that Lover Lady;
For I proteſt I hate the vice extremely:
The fear of theeves is worſe than the loſs we can
Suſtain by them: w'ere ſtill a being rob'd.

Franc. Right Sir, As the Coward who fears death
Dyes ten thouſand times.

Lamar. That Coward am I Lady, as often as I caſt mine Eyes upon your face, my heart's at my Mouth, and wants but your kind acceptance to be rid of me.

Bont. Or you of it; for a Cowardly heart is not worth the keeping.

Lama. Sir, I may make bold with my ſelf, though I could wiſh you would not.

Franc. Fy, fy, Gentlemen, come give me your hands again, Sifter prethee one Song *A la Ronde.*

They all Joyn hands and dance in a Ring,
Anſwering all-together as the Chorus.

SONG.

Maria. Amarillis *told her Swain,*
Amarillis *told her Swain,* [*Chorus etiam bis.*
That in love he ſhould be plain
And not think to deceive her.

Chor. { *Still he proteſted on his truth*
{ *That he would never leave her.*

2.

If thou do'ſt keep thy vow quoth ſhe,
And that thou ne'r do'ſt leave me, [*Chorus bis.*

There's

Ther's ne'r a Swain in all this plain
That ever ſhall come near thee
Chor. { *For Garlands and Embroider'd Scrips,*
{ *For I do love thee dearly.*

3.

But Colin *if thou change thy Love,*
But Colin *if thou change thy Love,* [*Chorus etiam bis.*
A Tygreſs then I'l to thee prove
If e'r thou doſt come near me.
Cor. { Amarilis *fear not that,*
{ *For I do Love thee dearly.*

Mari. Fy, how I'm out of breath?

Fran. Faith ſo am I too, pray let's go in and take the Ayr of the garden.

Lama. Come Madam.

Bout. Nay Sir, take t'other hand, this was mine before.

Lama. Very good Sir, go *D'elpeche* we'l follow. I would ſpeak with you, leave e'm. [*ſoftly.*

Pulls Bout: by the belt as he leads in Francibel.

Enter again with Bouteſu.

Lama. How comes it Sir, that in a paſtime you dare do baſe injuries? does your brutality not let you know how you ſhould uſe your friends?

Bout. Brutality! ha! thou art a Brute to ſay ſo, draw.

Lama. This way a little, there we may be ſpy'd.

Enter Colignii *with Fidlers.*

Colig. Gods my life here they are! how luckily too! and hard by our houſe! play Gentlemen, play.

The Fidlers ſtrike up.

Bout. What the Devil's this? ſome come to jeer us?

Colig. Why Gentlemen, what do yee mean? Is this for my Civility?

Beats the Fidlers.

Lama. What Civility thou Aſſe? prethee begon, and quickly too.

Colig. So I will, that I will, if you'l put up your Swords; why d'ye draw your Swords upon me? I'm ſure I meant no harm in't, but to make you merry.

Enter D'elpeche.

D'el. Why, how now, Gentlemen, what's the matter? Swords drawn? fie, 'tis childiſh thus 'mongſt friends.

Col. O brave, here's our Gueſt, nay, now I care not, He'l not ſee me wrong'd.
VVhy, Sir, I came purely to requite the obligation ye all did my Siſters laſt night, and truly ſeeing them two, I thought you had been in the company too, and ſo I bad the Muſique play, but, Lord, had you ſeen how that tall Gentleman kick'd 'em, and how angry this ſame Gentleman was with me; why, pray, Captain, what hurt was there in this? I'm ſure I meant them no more hurt than my own ſoul.

D'el. Go you home; the Gentlemen are much in drink, But I'l appeaſe 'em for you, and we'l be all Friends, and drink together.

Col. Marry, I thought there was ſomething in the matter. Pox on their drink, they frighted me Plaguily; God b'you, noble Captain. [*Exit.*

D'el. Fie, *Lamarch*, are you not aſham'd, and You, *Bouteſeu*, Friends and Cam'rades to quarrel For a Flie, a Nothing?

Bout. A queſtion'd me with ſcurvy terms.

Lam. You us'd me ſcurvily, I'm ſure, Sir.

Bou. Pox! I meant no harm in't, And had ye ask't me civilly, I had told ye ſo.

D'el. Away with your Punctilioes, They're pretty things to uſe to others, but 'mongſt Our ſelves, 'tis madneſs; come, let's ſee ye fight, O ye' are Brave Fellows, why don't ye begin? the *Montalto*, the *Reverſo*, the *Stoccado*, the *hey*, courage Blades.

Bout. Hang your ſelf, *D'elpeche.*

Lam. Before *George*, we'l trie theſe tricks upon thee, if thou be'lt not quiet, and two to one, you know, *Bouteſeu* ſaid was odds.

D'el. Come, ye two fools, I'l ha' this fool that was here juſt now, make you two Fools Friends.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Clairmont, Briſac, Charlotte, La-bar, *Attendants.*

Clair. Madam, it is a ſin beyond a pardon,
But that your father eaſily cannot err,
In the opinion of the world,
To Cloiſter up a Beauty of ſuch worth,
Fitter for Courts and Princes to admire.
Is it not true, *Briſac?* Why art thou melancholy?

Char. I cann't believe that he's of your opinion.

Briſ. What was it, Madam, that he ſaid?
For, Sir, my thoughts were bent ſo ſtrong,
They took away the ſenſe of all my hearing.

Clair. Why, I was blaming of her Father much,
To bleſs this onely Town with his fair daughter,
And render all that's *France* beſides unhappy
In the privation of her faireſt preſence.

Briſ. I do not doubt ſhe'd be the faireſt light
In any Hemiſphere ſhe pleas'd to ſhine in,
But ſhe can find many Adorers here,
And not like Prophets, loſe her light at home.

Clair. But Heav'n would have us all admire its work,
As all ſhould this the faireſt it e'r made.

Briſ. Conſider then how many Hereticks
This glorious contemplation muſt needs make,
For many would ne'r think how Heav'n made her,
But think her Heav'n her ſelf.

Charl. I'm glad I can ſo aptly prove
A ſubject for your mirth or wit.

Clair. Madam, ſuch ſubjects as you are,
I muſt confeſs, do heighten wit,
For they do rarifie by pureſt flames
The dulleſt Lovers thoughts and heart.

Briſ. Such ſubjects, Madam, make all ſubject to 'em.

Char. So, Gentlemen, how long can this ſtile laſt?

Briſ. As long as we find ſuch fair matter for't,
Which being Infinite in you, may prove Eternal.

Enter

Enter Beaupres, Bellmont, Luiſon.

Clair. Briſac, your Siſter.

Briſ. Beaupres welcome, welcome dear Siſter. [*They all ſalute.*
Friend have you ſeen the General yet?

Beau. I ſhould be proud you would preſent me to him.

Briſ. One that begs the title of your Servant.

Clair. I'm his, I do aſure you Sir;
For I'm acquainted with his worth already.

Beau. You honor me too much Sir.

Briſ. Siſter, I'l make you happy,
In bringing you acquainted with a Lady,
In whoſe fair converſation all that's good
Is to be learn'd.

Bellm. A Loving Brother I have ever found you;
But in this moſt kind.

Char. To me his obligation is ſo great,
That I muſt ſtil remain his thankfull debter.

Clair. Labarr, how am I here confounded! [*aſide.*
I cannot ſee 'em both together.
I'm ſorry that ſome buſ'nes calls me hence;
Your Servant Ladies; Gentlemen, I'm yours. *Ex. Clair.*

Briſ. What made him go away ſo ſoon?
He mention'd no ſuch haſte when he came hither.

Bellm. I gueſs the Cauſe.

Beau. Peace dear *Bellmont*. [*ſofily.*

Briſ. What is it Siſter?

Bellm. Some buſineſs with the Governor, what ſhould it be elſe?

Char. I, I; but Madam, are you not extremely weary?

Bellm. I never can, when I'm ſo near you Madam.

Briſ. You ſee the Siſter ſpeaks the Brothers thoughts.

Char. So fair a mouth as hers will ne'r want credit.
But come fair Siſter, let me call ye ſo;
Ye ſee how rude ambitious Love does make me,
Let me conduct you to refreſh your ſelf. *Exeunt.*

Enter Malignii.

Malig. Hem, *Beaupres*, hem, I'd ſpeak with you alone.

Beaup.

Beau. I'l return immediatly.

Malig. I wiſh thou wouldſt to thy firſt nothing.
Thou'rt young and ſtout,
And if I can but fier thee----

Enter Beaupres.

Oh you'r welcome Sir, you brought the Lady I ſee.

Beau. The Lady, Sir, I went for I have brought.

Malig. Yee have don well,
For people of his quality ought not
To ſtay a Minute for their Miſtriſſes.
You have made haſte, and uſ'd much diligence.

Beau. What Quality d'ye mean?
What Miſtriſſes?

Malig. Why, did not ſhe tel you who ſhe came to ſee?
But may be now her mind is altered;
For Women are moſt Fickle.

Beau. Malignii, ſure thou dream'ſt,
Or art diſtemper'd much with Wine;
VVhat is't thou talk'ſt off?

Malig. The fair *Bellmont*,
Clairmont's miſtris, ſhe whom *Briſac* ſent thee for.

Beau. Oh! is that the buſineſs?
VVhy I can aſſure you *Clairmont* was not thought off,
VVhen he deſir'd me to go.

Malig. Nor ſhe did not think to meet him here?

Beau. Not that I know of.

Malig. Certainly then you are not very intimate with her.

Beau. Not much, nor don't pretend to't.

Malig. Nay, *Boutefeu* told me ſo, ye have my Author:
But I was vext to ſee you ſent Ambaſſador,
And Ignorant of what was in the Commiſſion.

Beau. How came *Boutefeu* acquainted with this ſecret?

Malig. Pheu he know's more than that,
There's nothing that ſhe ever hideth from him.

Beau. A Horſe, a fool!

Malig. Does the VVorme bite? [*Softly.*
Faith Sir, theſe horſe Fools ſometimes do take a Lady

More

More than a ſpruce witty Courtier,
Every one of them have a humor.
Beau. But I miſtake hers much, if hers be ſo.
Mal. I do not ſay it is------
I hope you don't think I had ſuch a meaning.
Beau. I ne'r interpret any man:
But what's your buſineſs with me?
Mal. I'm coming to't;
I know you love my Colonel,
And out of that ſame knowledge I muſt tell
You, what does now moſt narrowly concern him.
This fickle General loves *Charlotte* too:
But let not your raſh youth attempt a thing,
In emulation of a friendſhip, not fitting for you,
Then you take a work out of my hands
I have ambition too: I but crave your counſel.
S'death, a ſhall anſwer for't: Fool *Bellmont*,
And my dear Colonel, 'tis too much,
Nor ſhall that ſawcy fool, *Bouſefen*,
Dare more in this to do her right than I.
I think you love her, Brother, too ſo much,
You would not ſee another take his quarrel,
VVould ye?
Beau. Pray go on, Sir.
Mal. Why look you, thus I have contriv'd,
Bouſefen ſhall brave *Clairmont* at every turn,
VVho'l ne'r indure it.
Bouſefen is brave, you know, and th' other is
A powerful Enemy:
So theſe two fall by one another's hands,
And you and I may laugh at either's folly.
Beau. The ſame theſe things may breed unto *Bellmont*
Will certainly be great; but how good-----
Mal. Who's in fault?
Why deals ſhe with ſo many?
Beau. Peace, Bandog, peace,
Draws. Or by Heaven I'l ſend thy Soul
To its own Manſion, Hell.
Mal. Why what's the matter, Sir?

Beau.

Beau. I'l tell thee, *Malignii*, I ne'r could love thee,
Nor do I think I ever ſhall do much;
Thy converſation is moſt irkſome to me.
Mal. But you ſhall find how much unjuſt you are;
Here, kill me, why don't you thruſt? [*Opens his breaſt.*
I'l die the Martyr unto Truth and Honor.
Beau. How's that, thou Devil?
Mal. Since that my friendſhip to your hopeful youth
Has drawn me to this zealous folly,
I ought to ſuffer for't;
Hereafter you may live in ignorance:
And ſince you will not grant me for your friend,
At leaſt grant my intentions friendly were,
Or I dare draw my Sword to juſtifie't. [*Draws too.*
Beau. If they unfriendly were to fair *Bellmont*,
They were unjuſt to all that is of honor.
Mal. Hold, *Beaupres*; ſo may my Soul be bleſt
As I do honor her as much as you,
And this not fear, but truth exacteth from me.
Beau. God b'you, Sir,
I am ſorry thou could ſt talk me to ſuch paſſion. [*Exit.*
Mal. So, this is ſo plain,
There needeth no Perſpective-glaſs, I think,
To let me ſee that he does love *Bellmont*;
And though he ſeems ſuch Maſter of his Temper,
Yet if he be a man of fleſh and blood,
Theſe things muſt buz in's head;
And I'l take care *Briſac* ſhall underſtand
A buſſel which muſt needs defame his Siſter.
I care not if *Clairmont* or *Bontefeu*
Do periſh in his wildneſs, he muſt follow.
Like Ship-wrack'd men catch at the floating board
Another's faſten'd on, and ſhove him off;
So in the Tempeſt of deſpis'd Love,
We ſhove all Rivals to eternal loſs.
Then blame not perjury in ſuch a caſe,
We may do all to gain a Rivals place.

Enter Briſac, Bellmont.

Briſ. Do you not wonder I have ſtole you thus
Unto a privacie, and diſturb'd your reſt?
Bell. If there lie ought within my ſervice for you,
Reſt is unfit till I have done that duty.
Briſ. Hey ho!
Bell. Why ſigh you, Sir?
Briſ. Ah, Siſter! pitty the Paſſion of almighty Love!
Bell. What means my deareſt Brother?
You do not ſpeak to me, your thoughts are
Some-where elſe.
Briſ. But I to you muſt utter all thoſe thoughts,
For you are onely fit to eaſe them now;
Would you do much, *Bellmont*, to eaſe your Brother?
Bell. All that a Brother ever could expect
From one that does moſt dearly love him.
Briſ. Siſter, I am undone,
My heart is conquer'd, and I know not well
What mercy to expect from her his won it.
Bell. But how can I expreſs my ſervice in't?
Briſ. Oh much, fair Siſter,
Very much you may:
She'l hear you ſpeak without an interruption,
And much ought to be ſaid
Where I do love ſo much.
Bell. I'l ſay all what you'l have me: but to whom?
Briſ. And can you well deſcribe my paſſion, Siſter?
For I would have the Copy that you draw
Come very near the ſad Original:
Paint forth each ſigh and doubtful groan I give,
The wound that every look imprinteth here,
The mighty ſtorm is rais'd by groundleſs hope,
And the ſad ſhipwrack that deſpair will bring:
The mighty mercy in a promis'd bliſs
Will make me ever happy, 'bove my merit,
And all this joyn'd with your ſweet Rhetorick,
(For Women will hear all that Women ſay)
Implore reward for one who, 'gainſt his will

Is now become a ſlave unto her beauty,
Which is, you know, unjuſt, and yet I crave it,
And without which I die, reward had been
More due, if I 'ad will'd the thraldome not foreſeen.
Fellm. Yet, Sir, I'm ignorant
Before what Judge I am to plead your Cauſe.
Briſ. And I had quite forgot to tell ye,
Or may be I am grown ſo covetous of her,
That I am loath to give her name to th' air.
But, Siſter, can't you gueſs who 'tis I mean?
If that a born-blind man recover'd ſight,
And heard me tell him that the glorious Sun
Was th'onely object which ſhould dazzle him
Above all other,
He'd wink, and point unto that glittering Star,
And by approved reaſon ſay, 'Tis that:
Prethee, dear Siſter, gueſs.
Bellm. Is it not my new acquaintance, the fair *Charlotte*?
Briſ. Oh 'tis! the faireſt that I ever ſaw.
Bell. Brother, relie on me,
If I do fail to do you ſervice,
It ſhall be want of power, not of will.
Briſ. Thou beſt of Siſters! ever call me ſlave
To all thy Virtues, if thou do'ſt but this.
Bell. Sir, I dare promiſe nought, I'l do my beſt. [*Exit.*
Briſ. So does the Merchant that in one rich fraight
Ventures his whole Eſtate, expect return,
Sails in his mind o'r waves as troubleſome
As his fair Ship doth in the greateſt ſtorm,
Which if it ſcape, returning richly home,
He fearleſs is of ſtorms in time to come. [*Exit*

ACT 3. SCENE 1.

Enter Bouteſeu, Malignii.

Bout. S'Death, I care not, I,
For him nor all his anger,
Let him be pleas'd again:
If that he be diſpleas'd without a cauſe.
Mal. He ſays ye are a Horſe,
A thing unfit for human converſation,
And of ſo leud a Tongue,
No woman you once ſpoke to e'r could ſcape yee.
Bout. But I dare venture, Sir, a thouſand Crowns
You'l hardly get him for to tell me this.
Mal. Not but he's ſtout enough, but 'twould diſpleaſe
The Colonel (to quarel here) and that he will not do;
He ſaid, he'd give the world for an occaſion.
Bout. And that he ſhall not want:
Prethee, dear Major, tell him I'd ſee him with
His Sword in's hand.
Mal. Fie, *Bouteſeu*, are you mad?
Will you thus lay your ſelf open to your Enemies?
He is the Colonel's neareſt friend;
And if I be ingig'd, whom will you have
To work your buſineſs for you?
Beſides, you'l find his coldneſs ſtraight,
And you may then occaſion find enough
To make him angry; 'twill be much better
It ſhould come from him.
Bout. But how? which way?
For I do long to chide his Boyiſh Cenſure.
Mal. Clarmont to night does give the Ball,
The Banker he has ſent to fair *Charlotte*
You'l find him leading of *Bellmont*,
And there you may put ſome ſlight upon him,
As taking her to dance out of his hand,

Or

Or twenty other things, done, as 'twere, by chance,
Which he will never ſuffer.
Bour. Nor ſuffer! S'death a ſhall,
And thank the doer too, that he may live.
God b'you, mark but the end of this. [*Exit.*
Mal. Yes, I will mark it, Sir, moſt heedfully.
What a hot-brain'd fool is this?
He faſter runs to ruine than I'd have him;
For if he kills *Beaupres* his ruine's ſure;
If not, *Beaupres* moſt certainly kills him,
And then I think he'l hardly ſtay in Town.
Oh my dear brain, work, work more miſchief yet;
I have it--------
I muſt needs render him ſuſpitious to
Briſac; but here is ſome more caution needful,
Raſhly to run between two ſuch ſworn friends
Is dangerous, nor is *Briſac* ſo ſottiſh,
To judge without ſome proof of a meant injury:
Nor muſt a find me tripping, if he do,
'Tis I muſt welcome then a double Foe.
But ere my hopes to ſad deſpair be hurl'd,
I'l open War declare 'gainſt all the world. [*Exit.*

Enter Bellmont, Charlotte *as in a Garden.*

Bell. But let me beg to know your neareſt thoughts,
For friendſhip in all men grows up by truſt,
And ſure 'mongſt women it is much the ſame.
Charl. Begin to ſhow example in this kind,
For I do know your thoughts ſo noble are,
That they are fit to take example by,
And I would be a Learner.
Bell. Of me? fie, Siſter, how you do abuſe your friend.
Charl. Indeed I never mean it:
What ſhall we talk of? for I do believe
That all the world to us is ſo indifferent,
We ſhall like no diſcourſe but of our ſelves.
Bell. I fear ſo too:
But I have a Brother that I muſt love,
For he deſerves it from me.

Char.

Char. Heigh: I have a Father too, but theſe are Kindred.
Bellm. 'Tis true: but come, I'l truſt ye with a ſtory.
Charl. You will oblige me;
Beſides, I'l promiſe ſecreſie.
And if in ought I ever can but ſerve you,
I ſhall eſteem my ſelf moſt happy.
Bell. That you ſhall judge when you have heard me out.
There is a man that's near related to me,
That loves the faireſt Virgin in the world,
His love began with the firſt ſight of her,
But has been ſeldom bleſt with that fair ſight,
And knowing too that he can ne'r deſerve her,
Loves much, hopes little, and dare never own't.
Char. Alas! I pitty him.
Bell. I wiſh you did.
Char. Why can you think that any thing near you
Shall ever want my wiſhes for his good?
But pray ye on; Why can he ne'r deſerve her?
Bell. Not but their Qualities are very equal,
But ſhe is fair and good above the common.
Char. Is he not virtuous too?
Bell. He is believ'd of all to be ſo:
Nor would I pitty him, if I did doubt it,
But there be great oppoſers to his good.
Char. A brave good man needs never fear a Rival.
Bell. His modeſty (a ſign where virtue dwells)
Perſwades him ſtill he is not good enough
To be belov'd by the fair *Charlotte*.
Char. How? prethee, dear Sifter, leave me.
How ſeriouſly ſhe kept her countenance?
None to abuſe but your poor Servant thus?
Bell. Truſt me, I do not jeſt, *Charlotte*;
And did you know but half ſo much as I,
You would afford much pitty, if not Love.
Char. Who e'r it be, h'as found a cunning Orator,
And one 'bove all the world that has moſt power with me:
But give me leave to ſpeak as freely to you,
And cenſure not my freedom as a guilt,
For I have ſuch a great opinion of ye,

That

That I durſt tell you all my Souls affections;
I do love, nay, love extremely,
And one that is nearly related to you;
One too, that never yet did ſpeak of Love,
Nor do I think he can mean any to me;
If it prove he, I ſhall moſt gladly hear you;
If not, then, dear *Bellmont*, I'l beg
You ne'r will ſpeak, to move my juſt refuſal,
For I can never love another man.

Bell. 'Tis poor *Briſac*, may he e'r hope for mercy?

Char. Pray hear me, for I do reſolve
To be moſt free and open with ye;
You are o'th' Sex, and equally concern'd
To keep all things within the ſacred Rule
Of Friendſhip, and of Maiden-modeſty.
You know it were unfit that men ſhould know
When we are eaſily conquer'd.

Bell. Leave that to my diſcretion:
But tell me firſt, is it *Briſac*?

Char. It is, O 'tis!
But may I take your word that he loves me?

Bell. You may; nay, do not hide your face,
D' ye think I'l vent the freeneſs of your talk?
You ſhall ſee how diſcreetly I'l manage him;
For though he be my Brother,
Yet you're a Woman, and my deareſt friend.

Char. Uſe me with care as e'r you hope for good,
And conſtrue not too hard my confeſs'd weakneſs;
Remember 'twas your Brother conquer'd me.

Bell. Your freeneſs ſpeaks how innocent you are,
Far more than all tricks of a forc'd diſſembling.

Char. I hope you will believe ſo, pray, Siſter, do.

Bell. Come, come, indeed I will.

Char. Lord how ſhall I look? would I had not told you.

Bell. Nay, why ſo? you are unkind in this,
He ſhall not know how much you have confeſs'd,
And yet I'l give him hopes enough to court yee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Malignii, Luyſon.

Mal. That's my good Wench.
Thou know'ſt I ever lov'd thee.
Lu. What would you have me tell you, Sir?
I cannot, nor I will not feign a Lie.
Mal. But 'tis impoſſible thou ſhould'ſt ſee nothing,
How wert thou wont to find them?
Lu. What ends have you in this?
I thought when you came ſo privately,
It was to uſe ſome of your former ſleights
For the undoing of a harmleſs Maid.
O you're a fine Gentleman, and kept your word well with me.
Mal. Truſt me, I love thee dearly, Wench,
And that e'r long thou'lt find too;
But things are not yet as they ſhould be.
Lu. What things? what ſhould be?
O the diſſembling of you men!
When yee have once had your ends,
Ye care not a pin for us VVomen.
Mal. Fie, *Luyſon*, do not think ſo.
But prethee tell me, VVench,
Did they never ſend thee away on ſleevleſs errands?
Lu. Not that I remember, but I have often left them
Alone together.
Mal. That's my good Girl:
And did'ſt thou never find Letters?
Lu. Not I indeed, Sir, why d'ye ask?
Mal. I have a reaſon for it,
VVhich much concerns thy good;
If thou canſt poſſibly, prethee get thy Lady
To walk here when 'tis late to night,
When that the Ball is done, for coolneſs.
Lu. I'll do any thing you'l have me,
But pray be not you the cauſe that I be chid,
And remember what you ſo long have promis'd.
Mal. I will indeed, *Luyſon*, this kiſs, and farewell.

[*Exeunt* Luyſon, Malignii.

Enter

Enter Briſac. Malignii.

Bris. I am glad I have met with you, for I was alone; have you ſeen *Beaupres* lately?

Malig. No Sir: but I was ſeeking you.

Bris. Me Major? VVhat's thy buſineſs honeſt *Malignii*?

Malig. My duty firſt of wayting on you, then a minde I had
To talk in privat wi' yee bout a buſ'neſs.

Bris. Though I am much unfit for buſ'neſs now,
Yet thee I'l hear at any time.

Malig. Pray Sir, d'ye think I love you?

Bris. VVhy doſt thou queſtion it?
Indeed I do?

Malig. And do'nt you know 't hath been my chiefeſt care
To mind what does concern you and your good?

Bris. I ever had but juſt opinion of you.

Malig. Certainly then a Looker on may ſee
More at all games, than thoſe that are in play.

Bris. When they do underſtand the game, they may.

Malig. Right:
Then freely let me tell you Sir, you'r wrong'd.

Bris. Wrong'd? by whom?
Tis baſe to do it ſo, that I ſhould miſs the knowledge.

Malig. Thoſe that dare do injuries to friends,
Dare nere ſuſpect that they ſhould underſtand it.
Beaupres 's your friend, he might have told you on't.

Bris. By Heav'n I know he would, aſſoon as you,
Did he but once ſuſpect it.

Malig. Why Sir this heat to me?
I have never deſerv'd it from you.

Bris. Pardon me *Malignii*,
But whom you name my Friend,
And tax him with a want of care to me,
It troubles me.
Pray to the buſineſs; for I know he know's it not.

Malig. Better than any man.

Bris Come you are miſtaken----
I know him better-----

If you once ſuſpect his friendſhip to me,
I juſtly may ſuſpect all what you ſay.
Malig. I ha' done Sir.
Bris. How done? will you not tell me then
Where I am wrong'd?
Malig. You will not hear me Sir.
Bris. Faith but I will: methinks it does concern me.
Malig. Know ye of no adreſſes made to your Siſter?
Bris. Not I.
Malig. Then they are conceal'd it ſeems.
Bris. It ſeems ſo; but if they honorable be,
Why ſhould I be concern'd?
Malig. 'Twere fit you knew it though,
Women are things that may be over-come,
And need ſometimes a Brothers Counſel.
Bris. Why then you do ſuſpect my Siſters Virtu?
Malig. Not I, by all that's good:
And yet I would not have her wrong'd.
Bris. Nor ſhall ſhe be by the beſt he that Breaths.
Malig. Promiſe me then you will with ſtrickeſt Eye
Obſerve all things that may concern her,
You'l find who then is moſt your friend,
And who's the franker dealer with you, I,
Or thoſe that heedfully do blind your Eyes,
More at this time you ſhall not get from me:
But when your knowledg beginneth to be touch't,
You'l hearken to me better, and take Counſel.
Bris. I'l do ſo now;
Good Major, tel me what thou knoweſt.
Malig. By Heav'n not I:
And yet you ſha'not ſcape the knowledg.
Bris. But 'twill be kindlier done, if't comes from thee.
Malig. Not I; why ſhould I venture for the name
Of making Enmity betwixt two men?
Yee are too great for me to come between,
And Joyning once again I'm cruſt to nothing.
Bris. Shall I receive no more injury mean time,
For want of this ſame Knowledg?

Malig.

Malig. No, I'l take care for that.
Farewell; Yet Colonel look about yee,
I ſay no more: When yee get a glimps
Come to me, I'l help your Sight ſomwhat further.
Bris. What Devil is't he Ayms at? [*Exit.* Malig.
This fellow is ſo Jealous in his nature,
All that he looks on is ſo magnyfi'd,
That what t'other's ſeems a Moat, to him
Appears a Mountain;
Beaupres elſe, as well as he could ſpy it.
You are too great for me to come between;
Sure then 'tis no mean man do's Court my Siſter.
Ha! *Clairmont* the General has often been
Aſſiduous in his viſits to her; and now Courts
The fair *Charlotte*; Curſe of all fools, 'tis he;
I, I, t'was he that *Malignii* did mean,
He Courts my Miſtriſs too, Why here's occaſion?
I'm glad of that yet; for I ne'r ſhall brook a Rivall.
Yet ſure he durſt not wrong my Siſter.
For Frenchmen freely viſit whom they like
For Witt or Entertainment, without a Scandall.
Here ſhe is, I'l know the Worſt on't.

Enter Bellmont.

Bellm. Brother, you'r well met.
I ha' news for you.
Bris. And Siſter I have ſome for you.
Bellm. For me dear brother? what is't?
Bris. Nay, let me hear your's firſt,
Mine may be told at Leiſure.
Bellm. You know what you enjoyn'd me to,
I have been no ill Orator.
Bris. How dear *Bellmont*? does ſhe know I love her,
And is ſhe not offended at that Knowledg?
Bellm. Not much, I have appeaſed all;
You have free leave to viſit, and to talk:
But uſe this Liberty with much diſcretion,
I am ingag'd for 't.
Bris. With the ſame Rreverence I would call

Upon a Patron Saint, I ſtill ſhall crave
Her goodneſs to me. But prethee tell me Siſter,
D'you think ſhe ever will Love me?
May be her friendſhip unto you
Has gain'd this bounty for me.

Bellm. There is ſome liking too of you:
You elſe had gon without it.
But you have got a powerfull Rival,
Not with her; but one who gaineth once the Fathers mind,
Boldly attacks the Daughter without Controul.
Therefore be you diſcreet.

Briſ. In that I will be govern'd ſtill by you;
But pray you tell me Siſter, is't not *Clairmont*
That you do mean?

Bellm. Yes Sir.

Briſ. I h've heard that he did once pretend to you.

Bellm. A galantry, nothing elſe Sir.

Briſ. But Siſter make not ſo ſlight on't,
For 'tis much taken notice of.
And I dare force him ſtill to do you reaſon.

Bellm. Me? Alas I can claim none of him,
Nor would I, if I could.

Briſ. The man's not ſo inconſiderable Siſter.

Bellm. O Brother! let me beg, you'l take
Some other way to rid you of a Rival,
Make not me ſuffer all the effects of hate
For your great Love.
There's nothing I would wave to do you ſervice,
But this I beg, you here will mention more.

Briſ. So much averſion muſt needs ſpring from wrong.
I will here force thee Siſter. Come let's in----- [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hoſt *and his* *Wife.*

Hoſt. Nay, prethee weep not Chuck: I'l warrant thee there's no body will take the houſe off their hands, now we have left it.

Wife. But what an inhuman dog to turn us out juſt when theſe blades were come to Town? O the Tearing Cuſtomers we

we ſhould have had

Hoſt. No matter, no matter, God's ſprecious they cannot hinder me my ſtanding on the Kings ground, and we will vent our Merchandize here in ſpite of their Noſes; Set down the Table Chuck, there, there, ſo, lay the ſtools under it.
Pox's let's be merry for all this Cluck.
Hang ſorrow, care will kill a Cat.

Wife. Truly Husband I believe that's the reaſon ours dy'd this morning.

Hoſt. Away, Woman, away-----

Sings.

When as King Peppin *rul'd in* France,
A King of wundrous Might,
He that could the Coranto dance,
Was ſtraight wayes made a Knight.

If any paſs this way, I'm ſure they'l ſtop,
For here's mans meat, and woman's meat;
Thou for the men, and I for the women;
At the Sign of St. *Anthony*'s Pig.

Wife. But why have you chang'd the Sign we had before? St. *Lewis* is as much reſpected in this Country.

Hoſt. I, but you know the Prodigals child thruſt out of doors, kept Company with pigs (good wife) and ſows.

Wife. Tis true, and with hogs (good husband) and hogs.

Hoſt. Away thou *Cockatrice*; peace here's company.

Enter Colignii, Delpeche, Mariane, Lamarch, Francibell.

Sings.

Pleaſe you Mounſieurs Entertain
The Damoiſels yee bring,
Here's cheer, there never was ſuch in Spain,
And Wine would Fox a King.

Here's Capons that from Bruges *came*
In poſt for expedition,

And Veal ſo white, that none in Ganc
Can come in Competition.

Here's Sallet myſtick ſavour has
As myſtick as the colour,
A Lover being put to graſs,
Pick't it againſt Love's dolour.

Here's vin de Bon, vin de Champaing
And vin de Celeſtine,
And here is that they call Bourn,
VVhich to Loves Sports incline.

Sa, Sa, Mounſieurs, what have you a mind to?

Colig. Odd's my life, Gentlemen, here is the braveſt fellow I ever read of in all my Travels; Pray friend, what ſhow do you repreſent?

Hoſt. Show Sir?

Coli. I, ſhow Sir, does that offend you? U'ds fiſh, I care not a fart an' you be offended at ſhow Sir.
What do you wear that in your hat for, Sir,
If it be not for a ſnow Sir, ha?

Hoſt. Why, for a Sign Sir.

Colig. For a Sign? why are you the Poſt?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good jeſt, did not I put a very good jeſt upon him Gentlemen?

Hoſt. Yes you did, a very good jeſt, ha, ha, ha, 'twas a very good jeſt ifaith Gentlemen.

Colig. Why ſo it was Sir, for all your ſneering.

Hoſt. Why ſo I thought Sir, 'tis very ſtrange you will be ſo angry without cauſe.

Franc. So, ſo, Gentlemen, my Brothers taken up.

D'elpe. I, I, let him alone, let's mark 'em.

Colig. Why Sir without a cauſe? I was angry at ſomething, I was angry at a poſt, and there you have it again, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Hoſt. I'm glad you are pleaſ'd again; for I find your Witts riding poſt, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Colig. A pig, a pig, a pig, ha, ha, ha.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. 'Tis the Sign of the Pig, and I'm the Maſter of the Cabaret, which ſhall give you moſt Excellent content.

Colig. Say'ſt thou ſo honeſt fellow? faith thou art a very merry honeſt fellow; Siſters, I'l treat you, and theſe Gentlemen, at this Cabaret he talks of; Prethee honeſt Friend where is this Cabaret? for I long to be in a Cabaret.

Hoſt. Why here Sir, ſit down at this Table,
And call for what you will.

Delpe. How's this, how's this? S'death are you one of *Urganda's* Squiers? pray friend whence ſhall the meat, and wine come?

Lamar. From *Tripoli* on a Broomſtick.

Hoſt. Pray Gentlemen, hinder me not the Cuſtom of the young gallant; Entreat but theſe Ladies to ſit down, and break my head If you be not well treated, I'l deſire no favour.

Colig. Nor no mony neither, I hope Sir.

Hoſt. Truly I won't; if you be not pleaſ'd above expectation, Ne'r Truſt one again of my profeſſion.

Delpe. Faith Ladies this may prove worth our Curioſity; Come we will ſit down.

Maria. What you pleaſe Sir.

Colig. That's my good Siſter; Come, come, La Couvert la Couvert.

Lamar. This begins to look like ſomthing, he's bravely ſtuft I'l warrant you, he is ſo well hung.

Colig. Now Sir, a cold breſt of your delicate white Veal.

Hoſt. Here you have it Sir.

Colig. Nay, nay, and a ſallet, good Sir, a ſallet.

Hoſt. Well Sir, I muſt untruſs a poynt.

Colig. How Sir, to give us a ſallet? why have you been at graſs?

Delpe. Why d'yee want a boyl'd ſallet Mounſieur?

Lamar. Before St. *Lewis* an Excellent Trimming,
I'l ha' my next Suit, that I go into the Campaign with, trimm'd all with Saſages.

Maria. 'Twill make many a hungry Souldier aim at you.

Colig. Well thought on ifaith Sir.
Come friend, a Diſh of Saſages, a diſh of Saſages.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. VVhy look you Sir, this Gentleman only miſtook the placing, theſe do better in a belt.

Franc. A ſtrange fellow this.

Delpe. I, is it not? come Sir, wine we ſee you have: Prethee let's taſt the beſt.

Hoſt. That you ſhall Sir;
If you'l hear Muſick, and a Song with't,
I'm ready: you ſhall want nothing here.

Sings.

Yee may Tipple, and Tipple, and Tipple all out,
Till yee baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about.

Delpe. Away with your Drunken ſongs, have you nothing fitter to pleaſe the Ladies?

Hoſt. Yes Sir.

Delpe. Come away with it then.

Hoſt *Sings.*

Colig. Moſt Excellent ifaith! Here's to thee honeſt fellow with all my heart; nay ſtay a little, this is very good VVine; here's to thee again------heark you honeſt fellow, let me ſpeak with you aſide. D'ye Count here by pieces or d'ye treat by the head?

Hoſt. I'l treat by the head Sir, if you pleaſe; a Crown a head, and you ſhall have excellent cheer, VVine as much as you can drink.

Colig. That's honeſtly ſaid; you know my father friend, tis Mounſier *Cortaux.*

Hoſt. Yes Sir, the famous Scrivener here of *Tours.*

Colig. VVell, treat us very well, I'l ſee thee pay'd.

Hoſt. Nay Sir, I'l ſee my ſelf pay'd, I'l warrant you, before you and I part.

Colig. I do mean it ſo honeſt friend, but prethee ſpeak not a word to the Gentlemen, for then you quite diſgrace, Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Hoſt. Mum, a word to the wiſe is enough.

Colig. Come, come, Friend where's the Capon of *Bruges* you laſt ſpoke of?

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Here at hand Sir, Wife undo my Helmet, this, Sir,
Is my Creſt.
D'elp. A very improper one for a marri'd man.
Colig. Yes faith and troth, he ſhould have had horns, ha, ha, ha,
Here's to yee noble Captain, a very good jeſt
As I am a Gentleman:
D'elp. I thank you Sir!
Colig. Me think's you are melancholly, Sir!
La'mar. Not I Sir, I can aſſure you: Lady's how
Like ye the ſport, an odd Collation, but well
Contriv'd.
Fran. The contrivance is all in all.
Maria. What makes my Brother kneel, look, look Siſter.
Colig. Here's a health to our noble Colonel,
Gentlemen, ye ſee 'tis a good one!
D'elp. Yes, and a large one, but if both drink it
How ſhall we lead your Siſters home!
Colig. No matter, Hem: here 'tis Gentlemen, *ſuper Naculum*
Come, come a Tanſey Sirrah quickly.
D'elp. Has pos'd ye there mine Hoſt.
Hoſt. That's as time ſhall try, look ye here Sir.
The lining of my Cap is good for ſomething.
La'mar. Faith this was unlook'd for.
D'elp. S'fiſh I think all his apparel is made of commendable
Stuff; has he not Ginger-bread-ſhoes on.
Hoſt. No truly Sir: 'tis ſeldom call'd for in a Tavern,
But if ye call'd for a diſh of Pettitoes, 'twere
But plucking off my Wives Buskins.
Fran. We'l rather believe then try.
Colig. S'foot, I'le puzzel him now; a Chamber-pot,
Quickly Sirrah, a Chamber, O' O' O', quickly.
Hoſt. Here Sir, You ſee it ſerves for a good Cap with
Feathers in't. This won't do, do ye's worſt:
Gallant I'l fit ye; call for what ye pleaſe.
Colig. Nay I've no need on't, faith thou art a brave
Fellow: Here's mine Hoſt's health Gentlemen.
D'elp. Could you procure theſe Ladies a diſh of Cream
Sir, this will ſhew your Maſter-piece!
Hoſt. 'Tis the only weapon I fight at; look ye

Gentlemen the thunder has melted my ſword
In the ſcabbard, But 'tis good, taſte it.
D'elp. Th'aſt my Verdict to be the wonder of Hoſts,
Shalt have a Patent for't if I have any
Power at Court.
La'mar. This is excellent, Monſieur *Colignii*, I'l pledge
You his health now.
Colig. Why Sir, would you not have it otherwiſe?
La'mar. What if I would not, Sir?
Colig. Then I would have made you, Sir.
olignii falls *La'mar.* Nay now th'art down, prethee ſleep,
he riſes Or riſe and take the Hoſts Wife to dance.
unk. *Colig.* So I can Sir for all you!
Fran. Lord! how ſoon he got drunk!
Hoſt. Why I told him he might drink as much as he
Would, and ye ſee he has claw'd it.
D'elp. Prethee, honeſt friend, play us a Dance,
Come faith, Ladies, let's be merry.
Mari. As Crickets we, Come Siſter!
a'mar. ſings. *La'mar. Some ſay the World is full of holes*!
Play that friend.
Fran. I do, do (though the Tune and Song be very witty
And old) the Dance is very pretty and new.

The Dance.

Fran. Truly I am very weary.
La'mar. We'l ſit and repoſe.
Maria. O Lord, Siſter, you know the Ball is to night;
We muſt go home firſt, to adjouſt our ſelves.
hiſpers. *D'elp.* We'll wait on you Madam, Fellow.
Hoſt. I dare not, Sir, this Gentleman has commanded the
Contrary.
D'elp. Well come then Ladies, friend have you a care
Of him. [*Ex. D'elp. La'mar. Fran. Maria.*
Hoſt. I ſhall Sir,
A moſt ſpecial care, I'l warrant ye.
I'l firſt get him out of the way, to ſleep himſelf ſober.
Colig. What would you have friend?

Prethee

Prethee reach a pillow.

Hoſt. Troth you have pos'd me now Sir;
But if you'l riſe, here 'tis; carry it your ſelf,
Come wee'l go ſleep in the ſhade,
Wife take up the Table and ſtools,
Come Ile help you.

Colig. Come, come a long boys,
Valiant and ſtrong boys ---- hoop hey boys. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Beaupres*, *Bellmont.*

Bell. My Brother, Sir, is infinitely kind,
For I have done him ſervice.

Beaup. And be you infinitely careful too *Bellmont*,
For there be Tongues; moſt wicked Tongues.

Bell. None that dare ever wrong my dear *Beaupres*,
And for my ſelf,
I ne're ſhall ſhame the owning of my Love.

Beaup. I fear you do not underſtand me right,
And yet I am glad you do not too,
For Innocence, in what I mean, looks lovely,
And Ignorance here, more beauteous is then knowledge.

Bell. I am ſo far from knowing what you mean,
That I can't gueſs it, Sir,
For Heav'ns ſake tell me, what is't,
Have I offended? I will beg a pardon
Not for my will, but my unwilling fault.

Beaup. I hope you need none:
But dear *Bellmont* be careful,
Remember who and whoſe you are;
Plague o' this Dog, how does he make me talk! *aſide*
Nay, be not melancholly;
'Twas not of you I ſpoke,
But ſomething I have heard to day,
And of a Virgin too, ſo Innocent,
That after it I ne're ſhall think one Free
From ſlanderous Tongues.

Bell. Yet I may hope to be the onely free;
Since I will ne're the leaſt occaſion give;

If it appear to all the World a Malice
'Twill be a foil to ſet my Vertues off,
Or rather yours; For all I have of good is ſo;
And may the Heavens ſtill make me fitter for you,
Or take my life, ere I unfitting grow
To coap with that fair worth and honour in you.

Beaup. O thou beſt of Women!
Make me not bluſh too much, becauſe
You did not underſtand my ſecret meaning
My thoughts were hurri'd and I angry grew
To think on mens blaſpheming Tongues
Againſt ſo fair an Innocence!

Bell. Who is it, Dear *Beaupres*, that is ſo wrong'd?
I will grow angry too; for w're concern'd
In all that's good and Vertuous to defend 'em,
It were as great a ſin
To leave a Cauſe, the gods ſhould undertake:
Nay, they at laſt will bleſs it, and us too
For ſiding with it.

Beaup. It ſhall be ſtill my pray'r:
But dear *Bellmont*, after the Ball is done;
Ile ſlip into the Garden, pray come to me:
From whence we may Contrive,
How I may get into your Chamber,
You will not ſcrupulous grow, to meet me now
At theſe late hours of night.

Bell. Indeed I ought to be moſt ſcrupulous;
Should any ſee't; the Cenſure they would give
(Not knowing what has paſt) my fame undone,
And what we after ſay, not be believ'd.

Beaup. I can't blame your care:
But here it grow's too nice,
Will you not truſt me with your actions now?
I to my ſelf will anſwer all that happens.

Bell. You may command me any thing,
Ile do my duty and not fail to come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *Clairmont* and *Charlotte*.

Clairm. But Madam, may I never hope,
By my aſſiduous and moſt humble ſervice
To gain an intereſt in your Inclination?
Tell me but what you'l have me be?
Charl. Your ſelf my Lord!
And think me as I am:
Too much below your leaſt conſideration.
Clairm. 'Twere blaſphemy in any man to ſay ſo,
And much unkind in you it is:
But like to Notes, when as they neereſt are,
And not the ſame.
They ſound ſo differently, that one would think
Thoſe fartheſt, which with one ſmall turn,
Agree in all, and frame one harmony
Faireſt *Charlotte*, can nothing, nothing move ye?
Charl. Yes my Lord!
You do, to tell you freely all my thoughts:
For I do honour much your worthy perſon;
But when you talk of Love,
It is by me ſo little underſtood,
That all the explanation you ere give
Will never make me knowing in the Language.
Clairm. Will you then give me leave
To try your Father, he can better ſpeak,
And having ſpoken be better underſtood,
By one who is his Daughter, and obedient,
I can't diſlike this Maiden *Back-wardnes*
Loath to beſtow your ſelf, without his knowledge.
Charl. That I eſteem you honourable,
My Lord you now ſhall ſee; ſince I dare beg
A Boon; and a ſtrong Boon it is to beg
You being young (and as you ſay) moſt loving,
Call then thoſe vertu's to your aid
That you are Maſter of,
And I conjure you by them all,
That you ne're preſs my Father in this buſineſs,

You

You may command a thouſand hearts,
Do not then plunder mine.
Or make uſe of Authority to force it;
'Twill not be worth your owning if you do,
For 'twill be broke, moſt miſerably broke.
Clair. Then 'tis Averſion, not a Maidens bluſh,
That makes you thus deny me!
Char. Indeed you are too blame to call it ſo,
I know you would not have me lie
And pay your real with one that's feign'd,
My Friendſhip and my beſt reſpects
You ever ſhall command,
Clair. It was unjuſt to cauſe me to love ſo much
When I want wherewithall to make you kind!
But promiſe to be juſt in this,
Endeavour but as much as ere you can,
(Since you will have it ſo)
To love you leſs.
Thus you going forward, and I going back,
Perchance at laſt we may much nearer grow
For did I let mine be as now it is
The Flame of all the world could ner'e arrive
To ſuch a Height,
And I the lighted Beacon
A Torrent unto ruine, blaze alone.
Char. Tis I, my Lord, that muſt complain of Fate
That ſee ſuch Vertues in a mind?
So rich a preſent as a heart like yours
And have not one, wherewith to pay the bearer.
Clair. And muſt I ſuffer all this Torment too
That you would gratefull be, yet ſay you can't!
O ye Gods, forbid *Charlot* to frown upon my action,
And I will ſend ten Thouſand Rivalls to ye
Were they made up in one;
For they muſt ſure be bleſſed that can gain
Th' affections of ſo fair a Virgin here!
Char. The Gods are juſter, Sir, then to permit
You ſhould do harm to what did never wrong ye
He ner'e laid claim to what you cou'd call yours.

Clair.

Clair. But he ha's rob'd me of my ſouls delight
Such Treaſure as the world compar'd to it
Would fall ſo ſhort of all compariſon,
As none but fools would ever offer at it
And yet I cannot blame him,
To make ſo fair a prize of this
Who would not Pyrate turn, 'gainſt man and heaven?
Char. O fy! my Lord!
Spare heaven, who can revenge it's wrongs.
Clair. Th'ave tan'e you from me, Puniſhment too great
For all I hope I ever ſhall commit.
But Madam ſha'nt I know
The happy object of your Care?
Char. When I do find you better temper'd
Ile tell you, and I hope you'l love him too.
Clair. Ile ſtudy ſtill to pleaſe you if I can.
Char. My Lord! Here comes Company.

Enter *D'elpech*, leading *Mariane*, *La' March* *Francibell*, to them *Boutefeu*. TOWN.

Mari. I fear we are too late,
'Twill be uncivill if they have begun.
Delp. No, no, Ile warrant you.
Boutefeu, how doſt man?
Thou haſt loſt the beſt Comedy:
Bout. I care not, I.
La' Ma. Here Sir, handy dandy, which hand will you have
For I ſee your Worſhip's in a ſcurvey humour!
Why what a Devil ayl'ſt thou man?
Bout. Prethee, *La March*, let me alone,
I am ſerious at preſent.
Fran. I fear the humour is not All a Mode at Balls, Sir.
Bout. No more is the dreſs of your head, Madam.
La' Ma. Prethee be not ſo Clowniſh,
Thou wert ſuch a pretty fellow, hadſt but a little breeding?
Bout. Reſt ye merry Sir, I have other fiſh to fry. ——*Exit.*
Delp. What the Devil ayles he?
Maria. Troubl'd with the Botts, Ile warrant ye.

La' Ma.

La' Ma. The worme bites; come Ladies here's the House.
Franc. Nay Sir, we might hear this House by the Musick.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT 4. SCENE 1.

The new Scene of the HALL.

Enter Clairmont, Charlot, Beaupres, Bellmont, Brisac, D'orvile, D'elpeche, Mariane, La'march, Francibel, Boutefeu', *Attendants.*

D'or. GAllants and Ladies take your seats.
Begin Musick.

Begin the brawls a little.

Clair. Madam, methinks this is too grave,
We are amongst our selves,
And are not tr'd to this same Ceremony.
Char. *I* am glad you are of that opinion Sir.
I much more like some lighter Dances.
Bris. *I, I, Beaupres* can lead you many.
Clair. But why will not you dance, Colonel?
Bris. Truly *I* seldom do, Pray excuse me, Sir,
I'l sit and entertain the Governour.
Chair. What you please,
Come, Monsieur *Beaupres,* please you begin.
Beau. Most willingly, Sir.

The Dance.

D'or. Most excellent I'faith, come, come, give not over so,
Some single Dance, any thing to be doing.
Char. Nay Sir, pray let them begin for *I* am out of wind.
Clair. Madam, you here are Mistress!
Bout. Come Madam! *I* think you are
Weary Sir.

Boutefeu takes *Bellm.* out of *Beaup.* hand. strikes him, and taps to his sword and laws.

Beau. Uncivil Villain, take that
Bout. S'death unhand me, Gentlemen, O the Dog —
Bris. Away Churle! such insolence before my face!
D'or. Fie Gentlemen! thus to disturb our mirth!

Colig.

Colig. Fly Gentlemen, fly! O, if you had ſeen
That tall Fellow how he thwacks Fidlers, you would
Fly with expedition; have ye a mind to have your Fidles
Broke about your Pates?

Fidler. Not we! we thank ye

Colig. Hang lag, hang lag: [*Exeunt Colignii* and Fidlers.

Clair. Colonel, ſecure your friend:
Come Sir, do you not ſtir from me,
Have *I* your Paroll you will not.

Bout. 'Tis hard! but ſince *I* ſhall be worſe confin'd,
Yes, Sir, *I* give it you.

Clair. Come! lets in, the Ladies all are fled in feat!

D'or. Nay, Sir, here's one ſtill.

Briſ. Siſter! what made you ſtay! you might have gain'd
Some miſchief!

Bell. I was afraid to ſee you 'mongſt their ſwords
But durſt not leave you:
I hope you are not hurt, Sir: [to *Beaupres.*

Beau. With nothing but his moſt uncivil uſage. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Malignii, *as in the Garden.*

Malig. So, ſo, this does begin to work:
And I have watch'd the iſſue with ſuch heed,
As wealthy Fathers that expect an heir
From their lov'd Wives to own their fair poſſeſſion.
I'm ſorry they were hindred from the miſchief
That this might have produc'd.
But time will ripen all; and quickly too,
For *Bouteſeu* will ne're ſleep unreveng'd,
And t'ther hates him too beyond the common.
So that, they'l find out ways to act my wiſhes:
Now, Love, if ever thou didſt Rhetorick teach,
Learn me a language of that moving force
That *I* may touch the faireſt *Bellmonts* heart:
I wonder ſhe appears not, for that Wench
I know will work her to this evening walk,
Minutes do ſeem Gyants as they run;
But will ſeem skipping Dwarfs when ſhe is come. [*Exit.*

Enter Bellmont, Luiſon.

Bellm. Why doſt thou ſhake ſo, Wench?
Thanks to heaven, there is no hurt done.
Luii. *I* but, Madam, *I* was ſo frighted.
I cannot hold one joynt ſtill,
Pray, Madam, give me leave to go to my Chamber.
Bellm. *I* prethee do, I dare be here alone: [*Exit.*
I know, if he can get from my Brother, he will come!

Enter Malignii *to her.*

Malig. O, there ſhe is,
Bell. Who's there? Speak!
Malig. The humbleſt of your ſervants, Madam!
Bell. *Malignii*, what makes you here ſo late?
Is my brother in the Garden?
Malig. Not that *I* know of, Madam,
But *I* came to talk with you.
Bell. With me? 'bout what?
I'l but call my woman: *Luiſon:*
Malig. You need not, Madam, ſtrait I'l do't for you.
Bell. Pray good Major, what's your buſineſs with me?
Malig. Cannot you gueſs? or have you quite forgot
The humble offers *I* have long ſince made you
Of the moſt pure and faithfulleſt affection,
That man e're bore to woman?
The ſuit is ſtill the ſame, and *I* am ſtill
The miſerable ſame Petitioner,
'Tis bootleſs now, *I* think, for to repeat
Things *I* have ſworn ſo often to your ears
(For there they ſtopt) and never could get further:
I need not ſwear how much *I* am in love.
Since all that ſee you die of the ſame paſſion,
Nor need *I* tell how faithful *I* will prove,
Since thoſe fair Charms where my ſoul is fetter'd
Can ne're be broke by any rebel heart.
What ſhould *I* tell you then? nothing,
'Tis not my *Que* to tell you what *I* am:

But

But humbly here to beg what you ſhould be,
If not for mine, at leaſt for pity's ſake:
Sure mercy dwels in you: for 'tis in heaven.
Bell. How often have *I* told you, *Malignii*,
That it was much unfit for me to hear
Diſcourſes of this Nature?
Why d'ye trouble me and your ſelf too?
A reaſonble man would have been anſwer'd.
Malig. But reaſon never yet with Love did cope.
Bell. Becauſe you want it, d'ye think that *I*
Muſt bar my ſelf the uſe on't?
'Tis late, and *I* blame-worthy, here to hold diſcourſe
With men alone, Good night, Major:
Malig. Stay, Madam, for I've much to ſay,
Bell. To morrow will be fitter for to hear it.
Malig. No time ſo fit as now:
Nay, Madam, you muſt not go as yet! [*Holds her.*
Bell. What rudeneſs d'ye practiſe?
Do you know who *I* am, and where?
Malig. Yes Madam, very well:
But I am now reſolv'd *I* will be anſwer'd
In ſomethings, then trouble you no more.
Bell. What means he? Heave'n! [*Aſide.*
What is it, Sir, you would be anſwer'd in?
Malig. Is it impoſſible you e're can love me,
If I ſhould work my honour and my name
To ſuch a pitch, as they might make you greater,
Give me at leaſt that hope;
For Lovers think that all is poſſible,
Pray Anſwer, Could you love me then?
Bellm. Yes, very much:
For *I* extreamly Love a growing Vertue
That ſhoots men up to Honour and Renown,
But yet my Love will never tend that way
That leads to the uniting you and I.
Malig. Why, is my perſon then ſo odious?
Bell. *I* ner'e examin'd that;
But may be 'tis impoſſible
There be ſome other reaſons.

Malig. And is this all the hope you'l ever give me ?
Bell. All that you ever muſt expect from me.
Malig. Then Love direct me :
For *I* will not dye for want of what *I* now can take.
Bell. Help, help——Murther [*Takes hold of her.*]
Malig. Nay, you'r out of hearing,
This way, or *I*le drag ye.
Luyſ. within. Madam, Madam, Madam.
Malig. Hell and the Furies ſtop thy throat :
The Houſe will riſe [*Exit* running.

Enter *Luyſon.*

Bell. O Wench, *I* have been frighted out of my wits,
That Villain, that damn'd Villain.
Luyſ. What Villain, Madam ? who was here ?
Bell.---*Maligni.* The Monſter of all Villany.
He would have raviſh'd me.
Luyſ. The Gods forbid :
When your Brother hears on't.
He'll ſurely kill him.
Bell. Tis true, therefore be ſure you never ſpeak on't more,
I too much miſchief fear from what to night
Has hapen'd, come away.
I ne're again will walk ſo late alone [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Maligni.*

Malig. I'me glad of that yet] [*Having ore-heard e'm.*]
For 'twas all my fear:
O this damn'd fooliſh Wench to cry ſo loud.
The houſe is up, I hear e'm. [*Draw's his Sword.*]

Enter two or three *Servants*, with lights and Swords.

Malig. Stand ! who goes there ? what are ye ?
Serv. O Major, here was ſuch a noyſe juſt now
Malig. I heard it too : come let's ſeek about. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *Briſac* half unready, *Servant* with a light.

Briſ. What is the matter?
Serv. I know not, Sir, I heard your Siſters voyce!

Enter *Maligni.*

Briſ. What is the buſineſs, Major?
Saw you my Siſter?
Malig. Not I, Sir, where is *Beaupres*?
Briſ. *I* left him in my Chamber:
Malig. Are you ſure on't?
Briſ. *I*, *I*, why doſt ask?
Malig. Nay, for nothing if you left him there,
You may to bed again, *I* have been round the Garden.
Briſ. Ile firſt to my ſiſters Chamber [*Exit.*
Malig. And ile not ſtay——
Her mind may alter,
To morrow *I* ſhall learn all from *Luyſon*:
Plague had he been parted from *Beaupres*,
I could at' worſt have put it all on him
And ſwore her down, That *I* had parted them,
And ſhe for a pretext had then cry'd out *Exit.*

Enter *Briſac*, *Beaup*: *Belm*: *Luyſon.*

Briſ. Nothing Siſter, why did you cry out?
Bell. Why, *I* was walking, Sir, to take the ayre,
And ſaw a man, that ſomewhat frighted me,
Briſ. You did ill to cauſe this ſtir for that.
Bean. Women are frightful, Sir, by night;
Briſ. To bed, dear Siſter, all the Houſe will riſe [*Ex. Bell*: *Luyſon.*
Come friend, to night you needs muſt lye with me,
Bean. *I* ſhall be too much troubleſom, *I* fear.
Briſ. *I* know your meaning,
Nay, ile not hinder you;
But take my Counſel in the place and time,
What Devil made him offer it to you?

And

And to my Sister too,
Had you two ever any words before?
Beau. Not *I* the least.
Nor can *I* guess the meaning?
Brisk. He was put on, I lay my life;
Me-thoughts *Clairmont* did take much care of him:
Beau. I did not mind any thing of that.
Brisk. I know something more then you think,
Which I will have account for;
Besides he is my Rival.
Beau. You also know I love you, Sir,
Therefore be rul'd by one that is your friend;
Seek not a quarrel on a groundless score:
'Twill be thought ill: however you do fare in't
If he has wrong'd you ever; Ile not speak
One word to hinder what your honour calls for.
Brisk. H'as affronted one thats very neer me,
And I will reason have for what is done.
Beau. I had an *Item* given me too of that:
But those that did it were mistaken, Sir,
For too my knowledge, he could never wrong her.
Brisk. H'durst not that —
Beau. I do believe so too —
Brisk. How comes *Boutefu* so sawcy grown
Before him, and me too? There's something in't:
Beau. There is so —
But I would not willingly Mistake!
Brisk. Nor I; The morning shall declare the doubt,
Or I wear that can find the riddle out. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *D'elpeche*, *La' March.*

D'elp. I knew the Fool had something in his head,
H'was so sullen grown o'th sudden.
La. March. But why he pitch upon *Beaupres*?
H'as seen him often on occasion too,
Where he hath behav'd himself with honour.
D'elp. *F'heu!* That's not it:
Though he be young, he 's known a man of worth,

La' Mar.

La' Mar. H' ſerv'd me almoſt the ſame trick.
D'elp. But I think there's ſcarce that freedom
T'wixt to'.her and him!
La' Mar. 'Twas ill and fooliſh in him —— [Enter *Malignii.*
O Major, how is't w'y?
You have hardly been ſeen of late.
Malig. You'r happy men! nothing to do,
Court Ladies, and be fine.
D'elp. Indeed your buſineſs now is great,
In Winter Quarters there's much ſtirring always.
Malig. They are not yet well ſettl'd, Sir,
When they are, you ſhall ſee me
Friſk and dance, none ſo merry?
But what was the Matter laſt night, Gentlemen?
D'elph. 'Tis true, you were not there!
Why, *Boutefeu* affronted the Colonels friend *Beaupres*,
And had a knock for't.
Malig. Is that all! reſt them merry blades,
Thoſe that ſeek work will find ſome always ready.
D'elp. But *I* am ſorry, 't lighted mongſt our ſelves.
Malig. So am *I* too, but who can help it?
Ile be hang'd if *Boutefeu* did not hate him
For wearing ſtarch in's Boot-hoſe Tops.
La' Mar. Like enough:
The gentleman is wondrous moody;
D'elph. No, no, he would have forborn there
There was ſomething ſtuck cloſer then that.
Malig. If you knew him aſwell as *I*,
You would hardly attribute ſo much deſign to him.
La' Mar. *I* dare ſay he never had any in's life!
Malig. Come, Gentlemen, 'tis early, where ſhall we walk?
D'elp. Any where: Let's ride about the works.
Malig. 'Tis done; The air will do us good,
Come, *La' March*, you had rather go viſit
Your Suttlers Wife, *I* know. —— [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *Clairmont*, *Boutefeu*.

Clair. *I* cannot hinder any Gentleman,
But, if *I* might perſwade you, Sir,
You ſhould not quit Employment for ſuch trifles.
Bout. 'Tis done! nor will *I* ſerve
Under the man that broods him ſo.
Clair. You know, Sir, *Beaupres* is a man of courage
He needs not that: Beſides ile tell you freely,
The injury was great that you did offer.
Bout. *I* had ſome reaſon for't (my Lord)
You may believe! *I* am not elſe ſo Brutal.
Clair. Good Captain, tell it me ——

Enter *Briſac*, *Beaupres*.

Briſ. Good morning to your Lordſhip.
Clair. Good morrow, Colonel.
Bout. Did you receive the paper that *I* ſent you.
Briſ. *I* did, Sir, and you are moſt free!
Bout. *I* thank you, Sir; my Lord *I* kiſs your hand.
Clair. Stay; nay *I* can here confine you for ſome time;
Though of Command you have diſcharg'd your ſelf!
Bout. If it be'nt long *I* ſhall be moſt obedient.
Beau. You need not take ſuch care, *Boutefeu*: *aſide*
I ſhall find time to anſwer you.
Bout. *I* take your word.
Clair. Mounſieur *Briſac*! *I* would fain ſpeak with you.
Briſ. And *I* did hither come to the ſame purpoſe.
Clair. Pray anſwer clearly to what *I* ſhall ask.
Briſ. Your Lordſhip need not queſtion that.
Clair. Do you pretend to the fair *Charlot*?
Briſ. *I* love her, Sir! if you call that pretending.
Clair. And do you know ſhe is my Miſtreſs, Sir?
Briſ. That lies in her diſpoſal ——
But *I* do know that you make Love to her.
Clair. 'Tis well.
Briſ. But come, my Lord, *I* muſt examine too,

Did

Did you ever pretend unto my Siſter?
Clair. May be I did?
I am not bound to ſatisfie demands.
Briſ. And do you think to raiſe that Siege,
And lay it to my Miſtreſs?
Clair. Colonel, let's uſe few words!
I find we are agreed in what we mean!
Briſ. How ſhall we get to be alone!
If theſe two leave us, ſtill the thing's the ſame!
I know they will be doing.
Clair. The place is here moſt fit, for none can ſee us,
And I am pleas'd with my friend,
If you are ſo, there needs no farther Ceremony.
Briſ. Yes, pray my Lord, 'tis for a Miſtreſs that we fight,
We'll do it decently,
Not like the rage that choler works men to. [*ſtrips.*
Bean. What mean you, Sir?
Clair. I know by this you underſtand. [*ſtrips too.*
Bean. Be careful friend of what I love, your ſelf! [*embraces*
And where we'r both, the world can never win us! Briſ.
Monſieur *Bontefeu*! ſee Sir, occaſion's offer'd.
Bont. And you may ſee, Sir, I was buſie ere you ſpake.
Clair. Blind Paſſion is the mad-mans fate,
Who ſtrives to conquer Love, by ſhewing hate,
Come, Sir. [*They fight.*
Briſ. How he drils me ——
So cunning at your Weapon, Sir?
There 'tis I'm ſure. [Clairmont *falls.*
Bean. They will have done before me, [*Cloſes with* Bont. *and*
Stir not, or I will nail thee to the earth, *diſarms him.*
How is it, Sir? [*to* Briſ.
Briſ. Well: prethee, look to him
I fear he's worſe.
Clair. This care is noble in thee, brave *Briſac*,
But comes too late;
Heav'n forgive me, I do freely thee, farewell. [*dies.*
Bont. What damn'd luck have I? [*Exit.*
Briſ. Prethee, lend me thy arm;
Thou art not hurt, I hope?

Beau. Indeed I am.
Briſ. Where dear *Beaupres.*
Beau. In every drop that falls from you
My ſoul does drop a Tear.
Briſ. Away with grief, 'tis womaniſh,
Lead me to the houſe, but ſay you found me ſo;
Relate not you were with me in the buſ'neſs,
There is much danger now that he is dead.
Beau. And would you have me leave you ſingle
In any danger?
Briſ. What will your ill avail me?
You being free you will be abler far
To do me good.
Beau. Out of that hope *I* will obey you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Hoſt *and* Coligni *having ſtood behind and ſeen all that paſt.*

Hoſt. Here's fine work,
This is your fault, *I* would have rais'd the people.
Colig. Why, *I* did think they had been in drink,
To'ther day I'm ſure I was drawn upon
By men in drink, but they did no hurt,
Only kick'd ſome Fidlers, and ſo forth.
Hoſt. You told me
You knew they were in jeſt;
Here's fine jeſting marry, [*lifts* Clair. *head.*
Nay, he's gone, cold as earth.
Colig. Why, let him go, 'twas none of our faults,
H'might ha' look'd better to himſelf.
Hoſt. Alack poor Gentleman,
Who were the other three that went away?
Colig. *I* ſaw no body; *I*,
Are you mad? will you ſay you ſaw any body,
And make your ſelf a party?
Hoſt. Why will that make me a party,
Ha' you Law for what you ſay?
Colig. Yes, marry have *I!*
Hoſt. Why, I'll ſay *I* have ſeen no body this two days then.

Hoſt.

Colig. *I, I,* do!
So, ſo, then he can never recover the reckoning of me: [*aſide.*
Hoſt. But who ſhall we ſay hurt him?
Colig. Why, ſay he hurt himſelf upon Chance Medley.
Hoſt. Well, do you look to't; I'l ſay what you bid me.
Colig. Then be ſure you ſay, you ſee him hurt himſelf!
Hoſt. We had better be gone and ſay nothing!

Enter two or three Servants.

Serv. Who are ye?
Colig. We? why, we are men as you are!
Serv. How long have you been here?
Hoſt. Not very long.
Colig. Yes, but we have! what then?
Serv. Were you by when this Lord fell?
Hoſt. We were by when he hurt himſelf
With Chance-medly!
Colig. Honeſt friends, this fellow lies:
We came juſt when he had hurt himſelf!
Serv. How's this? how's this?
Come, come away with them, here's backwards and forwards;
The Governour will have the truth out on ye,
I'l warrant ye;
Come, help Sirra to lift the body. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charlot, Bellmont.

Char. Hold, hold, *Bellmont*, 'tis now my part
To lay the Treaſure out of all my Tears,
'Twas not your Rhetorick, but 'twas he that gain'd
The full poſſeſſion of the heart you ſpoke for,
And *I* will drown this houſe in ſuch a floud
Shall ſpeak my paſſion, and how much *I* lov'd.
Bell. O, envy not my eyes this mournful eaſe,
Who elſe would burſt; Poor Brother.
Char. O my *Briſac*, if thou ſhouldſt leave me now,
How ſhould *I* wander in the dark of Love?
No Ghoſt without a Tomb ſo miſerable.
Bell. Whilſt there be hopes

Why ſhould we deſperate grow,
And throw Our ſelves into this ſea of grief,
Before the Veſſel's ſunk, our hopes are ſtor'd in.
Charl. Hold heart a little, for I would not be
Inconſtant in my dying,
I'de live to love him, till he did leave me.
Bell. I hope your Loves may laſting prove,
And interchang'd remain ſo here,
And that this ill-look'd Chance is but a Scene
To repreſent what you at laſt muſt ſuffer,
He or you, leaving th'other here behind,
Char. Heav'ns take me firſt, then order me to guard
Him from all ill.
Bell. Come! dear *Charlot*,
Let us enquire with haſte
The Oracle of our enſuing fate
Which by this time the Surgeon here can give us.
Charl. Propitious be, O Heaven! —— *Exeunt*

D'Ipech, La' March.

La' Mar. So is our Colonel too,
I fear he'l follow.
D'elp. The heavens forbid:
Yet if he ſcape his hurts
I doubt it may go hard with him at Court,
Knowing th' others greatneſs!
La' Mar. I hope not,
His Services may ſomething plead for him
Beſides we hence can make his way
To ſome ſecurer place (having more health)
Till he ha's got his pardon from the King.
D'elp. I would do any thing to ſerve him,
Come lets go ſee how things are? —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Guard, *Coligni*, *Hoſt.*

Guard. There walk you two there, till the Governour comes,
Come Gentlemen, weel lock'e —— *Exit* Guard.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. So now we are in a fine pickle,
This comes of your Chance-Medly,
A Medler cloſe thy chops when thou 'rt dying,
Indeed, Squire, I mean that they call a Medler,
Is this your Law!
I could have found out a better
Trick of Law my ſelf then this.

Colig. Prethee! what a ſimple fellow this is,
What trick of the Law could you have found out?

Hoſt. Why, run away, when we firſt ſaw what came on't
For he that runs away, they ſay, ha's the Law on his ſide!

Colig. Why, who the Devil would ere have ſuſpected,
That they ſhould take two civil men Priſoners.

Hoſt. You ſaid juſt now that I was a ſimple man,
But Ile be judg'd by all this Company,
Who is the ſimpler fellow, you, or I.

Colig. Ile not enter into the Liſt of Compariſons
with any below my own rank:

Hoſt. I muſt be a rank fool then —— *aſide*
But pray heark ye me, what muſt I ſay?
For I ſhall be daſh'd and baſh'd at the Governours queſtion,
For all he's an Aſs, yet he has ſome pretty conceits
As they call it in the Law.

Colig. Why, mark me well;
We are not ſuſpected to have done the thing our ſelves.

Hoſt. I think not!
No, why ſhould they?

Colig. He that ſuſpects wrongfully doth himſelf wrong,
For ſlander fly's back in the ſlanderers face.

Hoſt. True, like a man that piſſeth againſt the Wind.

Colig. Why, then all that we ſhall be ask'd is, who we ſaw there?

Hoſt. Very good, Sir, and you ſay you don't know.

Colig. Prethee peace! I never heard ſuch a haſty fool.

Hoſt. Why, I onely tell you, what I will ſay my ſelf!

Colig. Why, look ye; there you make your ſelf a party again,
They'l think you but diſſemble and wo'nt tell.

Hoſt. Why, what ſhall I ſay then?

Colig. Why, name any body, and then let them clear themſelves
As well as they can,

Hoſt. Pray tell me who you'l name; for we muſt not name
The ſame man, you muſt name one and I another.
Colig. O no, no, we muſt both name the ſame men,
Or elſe they'l catch us tripping.
Hoſt. I, the ſame men we muſt agree on,
But you ſhall name one (as I ſaid) and I another.
Colig. Why, I'le name Monſieur *D'elpeche* our Gueſt,
Becauſe he pawn'd me for the reckoning.
Hoſt. Squire, 'twas your own fault.
Colig. I, I, but he might have choſe whether he would or no,
But who will you name?
Hoſt. Marry e'en Monſieur *La Rock*,
That put me out of my Tenement, I thank him.
Colig. He's a cunning Fellow:
But no matter, *Facta eſt Alea*——
Said *Cæſar* when he leap'd a Ditch.

1 *Hearſe t out on a Table.*

Enter D'orville, Attendants, La Barr.

D'orv. This Object is ſo cruel that it calls
Tears from a Souldiers Eyes;
No *Scythian* but would weep
To ſee ſo fair a Worth nipp'd in the Bud.
La Barr. H' was my noble Patron, yet my grief
Suffers encreaſe, becauſe I was not with him:
I might have hindred this, or ſain too.
But pray, Sir, let's learn the perfect truth.
D'orv. We will endeavour it. [*Enter* D'elpech, *La March.*
Monſieur *D'elpech* you're welcome;
And you, brave Captain; ſee your General's kill'd,
And your poor Colonel mortally wounded.
D'elp. It grieves us much:
How came this Accident?
D'orv. We cannot tell;
But Death did n'ere
Play for a fairer prize and win both ſtakes.
Here's two can give account, they ſaw the buſineſs.
Bring thoſe Fellows here.
Speak Friends, how did this buſineſs happen?

Colig.

Colig. And pleaſe you, Sir, they came unto the Field,
Pluck'd off their Doublets, and they were run through.
Hoſt. Yes, an' pleaſe you,
With Chance-medly, I ſaw it.
D'or. How friend, Chance-medly,
I know not what thou me n'ſt?
Colig. Sir, he talk's like an Aſs,
Mind him not.
D'or. But you that can talk wiſer, what ſay you?
Colig. That they all drew and kill'd one another;
The iron age methoughts was come again.
D'or. Sirrah, leave off your Poetry and ſpeak toth' matter,
Who were the others that were there?
Two Swords were found,
And yet *Briſac* brought his home.
Colig. An't pleaſe you, Sir, Mounſieur *D'elpech*
Was there for one.
Hoſt. And one Monſieur *la Rock* for another!
D'elp. Who, I? what a lying ſlave is this?
It is not half an hour ſince we roſe.
D'or. Sirrah, are you ſure this Gentleman was there?
Colig. Yes that I am! nay, Captain ne'r ſtare!
D'elp. Why, thou art drunk ſtill; upon my faith, Sir,
I have not been abroad before,
This is my firſt flight hither.
La'ma. I can aſſure you, Sir, I lay with him,
And what he ſays is truth!
D'or. Let their Land-lord be fetch'd, I'l ha' this examin'd,
And you, Sir, who did you ſay was there?
Hoſt. Monſieur *la Rock*,
D'or. Who is that?
Hoſt. H'was my Land-lord lately, but he turn'd me out of
My Tenement moſt baſely and ſcurvily.
D'or. How came he hither, he's no man o'th Sword.
Hoſt. I know not I, but there he was,
And you pleaſe to give me my Oath, I'l ſwear't preſently,
And then let him ſay what he can for himſelf.
D'or. Have a care I catch you not lying, [*Enter* Cortaux.
Monſieur *Cortaux*, welcome;

Sir.

Saw you theſe Gentlemen this morning?
Cort. Yes, and pleaſe your Honour, one is my Gueſt;
But they both lay together this ſame night.
What ail'ſt thou man? [Colig. *winks and*
D'orv. How ſay you, Sir, to this? *pulls him.*
Colig. Why, my Father's mad or elſe miſtaken.
Cort. Thou art mad I think to pinch me ſo.
D'orv. Sirrah! you Rogue! I'le have you to the whipping-poſt,
And your Companion too,
If I do find you willfully tripping.
Hoſt kneels—Hold Sir, I'le confeſs rather—
Colig. What will you confeſs, that you are an Aſs?
D'orv. Peace Sirrah!
Hoſt. This ſilly fellow here and I combin'd
To accuſe Monſieur *D'elpech* and Monſieur *La Rock*:
Colig. O humane frailty! how weak thou art!
D'orv. Your humane frailty ſhall be try'd, Sirrah.
Away with them ſtraight,
Let them be ſoundly laſh'd.
Cort. O mercy, Sir! he is my Heir.
D'orv. You might have bred him better.
Hoſt. Yes, ſo he might; nay he ſhall be whipp'd for Company;
That's my comfort; here's chance-medley for you. [*Ex.* Colig.
D'orv. 'Tis time Monſieur *La Barr* muſt find this out: Hoſt,
May be the Colonel at laſt may tell us: Cortaux.
But I dare ſwear that he was fairly kill'd.
La Mar. I hope there's none will queſtion that,
Since our brave Colonel was there engag'd.
La Barr. There's none will queſtion his fair honour, Sir;
Yet I would gladly know
How I have loſt my Patron now, and why.
D'elp. It is moſt reaſonable.
D'orv. Come, Gentlemen, this body ſhall be laid
Where all our duties further may be paid.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT 5. SCENE 1.

Enter D'elpech, La'march, Surgeon.

D'elp. BUt are there no hopes left?
Surg. None, but in Miracles, his Liver is quite pierc'd,
And 'tis a wonder he has not bled to death already.
D'elp. But that is ſtopt?
Surg. Stop't, alas, Sir,
To give him time enough to ſay a Pray'r or two;
He cannot laſt an hour.
La'mar. Truſt me, I am much griev'd.
D'elp. And ſo am I, he was a worthy brave Gentleman;
Come, lets go take our laſt farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Briſac *laid in his Bed*, D'orvile, Beaupres, Bellmont, Charlotte, D'elpech, La'mar.

D'or. How is it, Sir?
Briſ. The Surgeon beſt can tell.
D'or. May we not learn the full of all this buſineſs?
Briſ. A difference I had with the General,
What would you learn more,
Pray, Sir, retire, and take the Company with you,
I'm weak, and have ſome buſineſs
I fain would end before I go.
D'or. Religion does forbid that we ſhould trouble you,
Heaven grant your Pray'rs, and make ye happy, Sir.
Briſ. I thank you, Sir! Nay, friend *Beaupres*, ſtay you here;
And you, Siſter, do not leave the room,
Governour, may I entreat the preſence of your Daughter?
'Twill be my laſt requeſt.
D'or. Moſt willingly! *Charlotte*, ſtay you here. [*Exit* D'or.
Briſ. Adieu dear friend, I ſhall not ſee you more!
La'Ma. May all your hopes prove proſperous,
I cannot endure to ſtay and ſee you thus! [*Exit* La March.

D'elp. And I muſt leave you like a Girle,
Blind with my tears:
I wiſh I could but do you better ſervice. [*Exit* D'elpech.
Briſ. 'Tis now too late, and yet I thank you for your wiſh.
Beau. O Heav'ns, muſt we then part,
Curſe on my hand, it was too ſlow.
Briſ. Blame not a thing that did ſo much;
Alas, we were all born to die:
And if we do anticipate the time
That bearded Elders languiſh in, we ſcape
A thouſand miſeries that they have ſurely ſtoop'd to.
Death is a bug-bear never fear'd when known:
Weep not, dear Siſter, I will leave you one
Shall be a Brother, and a kind one to you:
Will you not, *Beaupres?*
Beau. You cannot doubt my love to all that's yours;
But I will not diſſemble now the tie
I have upon me, to be ever kind.
Shall *I* have your pardon?
I would have told it you er'e long,
But hop'd for better opportunity
Then the ſad Fates allow me now:
Briſ. What e're it be, *I* do forgive thee freely,
For *I* dare ſooner doubt my being happy,
Then that thou e're didſt wrong me in thy friendſhip.
Beau. *I* am her husband, Sir.
Briſ. That merits more my thanks then blame,
For it was to thy dear Arms *I* would bequeath her.
Bell. Heav'n meant me nor ſo great a bleſſing
To have you living, and this bounteous gift.
Briſ. *I* give her to thee, friend, with all my heart.
Uſe her well for her poor Brothers ſake;
And, Siſter, be you ſtill to him
Such, as may make him in you love his friend,
His poor departed friend:
So, *I* hope you two are happy;
Now to my Love, and then *I* die in quiet.
Bell. Speak not of dying, Sir, it wounds my ſoul.
Briſ. Ha, what means that Lady, Siſter?

She weeps, ſhe weeps.
O, if thoſe tears be but for my misfortune,
I will not envy Emperours that live;
But think it greater glory thus to die,
Piti'd by the beauteous good *Charlotte*.
Bell. You are not only piti'd but belov'd,
Beyond all what the world contains beſides.
Briſ. Mock not my hopes, 'twere double death [*She kneels by him.*
If now *I* ſhould but find it otherwiſe.
Char. May *I* then be believ'd? O my Stars!
Is this the good you have ordain'd me?
Shew me ſuch worth,
To tell me what I've loſt.
Briſ. *I* know to leave this world is death,
But *I* leave more when *I* leave thee;
What heaven can *I* expect hereafter?
When all the Idea *I* can e're receive
Of happineſs, *I* here do leave behind me;
Will you be kind unto my memory,
My dear *Charlotte*!
And when your thoughts do entertain themſelves
Of me your ſervant being gone,
Remember then, Pray remember often;
How much your poor *Briſac* did love you!
Char. You ſpeak as if *I* did intend to leave you,
No, my *Briſac*, *I* will not long out-live you.
Briſ. O yes! *I* do conjure you live,
By all our Love, and then I ſhall live in you:
For how ſhould *I* be curſt of all the world,
If *I* deprive it of its chiefeſt Jewel:
My ſoul ſhall wait upon you here;
My mind does tell me *I* ſhall bear that Office,
(For *I* am penitent for all my ſins)
And that will be a glorious ſtation,
More then *I* e're durſt hope for;
But that *I* gueſs *I* have your wiſhes for't.
Char. We'll hand in hand unto the other world,
And there confirm the union of our ſouls,
Then 'twill immortal be and we ſha'nt need

To fear a fatal ſeparation.

Beau. Deny us not, fair Maid, thy company,
We all muſt die, and be, *I* hope,
Together happy in the other world.

Briſ. It is not fit any of you ſhould die;
For when you're gone,
The world will be neglected, and not own
A Subject worth a care;
You ſhall not think of leaving one another;
Dear friend, would you thus leave alone
My deareſt Miſtreſs, and your poor *Bellmont*;
Charlotte in you may ſee what *I* have lov'd?
And in her friendſhip to you think on me.

Char. Whilſt memory retains a place,
Or life but motion giveth to my heart;
Each breath *I* draw, and every bow *I* make,
Shall be for my *Briſac*:
The organs of my ſoul ſhall frame no ſound,
But what ſhall ecchо ſtill my dear *Briſac*;
Maſter of all my hopes and all my joy:
Poor fickle joy, alas, how ſoon thou leav'ſt me?
Never, O never, to return again!

Briſ. And you, dear friend, when you ſhall ſee that face,
That much adored perſon *I* have lov'd,
Pay her the zeal of all your friendſhip to me;
And, Siſter, as you ever did affect
Your Brother, turn that kindneſſe all
To my *Charlotte*, and to *Beaupres* your duty. [*Enter* Malig:

Beau. Your Major, Sir, is come to take his leave.

Malig. Heavens bleſs my Colonel! how is't, Sir?

Briſ. O *Beaupres*, come hither, I had forgot to tell you;
But *I* grow wondrous faint;
Have a care of *Maligni*.
Oh *Charlotte*, your hand, for *I* am going;
Farewel, farewel; *I* can no more. [*Dies*,

Beau. Farewel the thoughts of worldly things;
What are the Pomps of greateſt Kings?
But empty titles State foreſhew,
Idols, we make, to which we bow;

Nothing

Nothing that's certain here below,
But death; and certain that we know
How glorious is the fabrick, when,
*I*ll to the Maker likens men;
But this the cleereſt ever was,
Retain'd the brittleneſs of glaſs.
Bell. Through which we ought to ſee how fair
Are Bliſſes that eternal are;
Led by perſwaſion of our blood,
We here expect a certain good,
And frame our beſt of what is worſt!
Since by great Heav'n the earth we curſt.
Char. My thoughts to Heav'n their wiſhes ſend;
And to Heav'ns will in reverence bend;
Leave tempting me thou diſmal care,
Miſtreſs of ruine and deſpair;
The ſtrings of my poor heart, I'm ſure,
Are not ſo ſtrong they can endure
This cruel weight: then be thou gone,
And leave my Love to act alone.
Beau. Malign, ha, canſt thou weep?
I ſhall enamour'd grow of what I could not love before.
Bell. Poor Major, What have we here loſt?
Malig. I Madam, the world can yield no recompence for this.
Char. He bad us have a care of him dead!
Sir, remember, pray, to do it as you love
Your dying friend, O my ſoul!
That I can live to ſpeak him. [*She falls.*
Malig. Alas, my Colonel took care, you ſee, at laſt,
For me, unworthy me; I ſhall grow blind with grief;
Beau. Come Major, help to lead theſe Ladies forth,
And call me now your friend;
Since he commanded hath this friendly tie. [*Exeunt.*

Enter D'elpech, La'march, Boutefeu.

D'elp. 'Tis ſtrange we ſhould not learn
A perfecter accompt of all this buſineſs.
Bout. Cannot *Beaupres* inform you?

D'elp.

D'elp. He ſeems as ignorant as we.

La' Mar. And I dare ſwear he is ſo:
You two, I hope, are reconci'd.

Bout. O yes, the General did it this morning.

D'elph. How? this morning! why, were you with him this morn-[ing?

Bout. No, not I; who ſays I was?

D'elp. I did underſtand you ſo.

Bout. I was miſtaken, ſo were you too; God buy. *Exit.*

La' Mar. What the Devil's this?
Hey paſs and repaſs, this Fellow grows ſo ſurly,
He'll have his brains beaten out ere long;
He's like a mad dog, ſnarls and bites at every body.

D'elp. I, and no body knows wherefore;
Sure his brain's addle.

La' Mar. Nay that it ever was ſince I knew him;
But he's much alter'd, h' us'd to be
An honeſt plain blunt Fellow;
Now ſo capricious! out on't!

D'elp. Who cares?----but to our buſineſs:
Who doſt thou think will carry now the Regiment?

La' Mar. There is much talk of young *Beaupres*;
Though it of right belongs to *Maligni*.

D'elp. He's a man that has no friend,
And I'm afraid deſerves none:
Yet he will buſtle hard before he loſe his Right:
The other's a worthy youth;
Though I dare ſwear he will not much ſeek for it.

La' Ma. I love him for my Colonels ſake,
H' was his faithful friend.

D'elp. It ſhall be ſtill my ſtudy how to ſerve him.
O Major! how i'it man? [*Enter Maligni.*
Ha, weeping, why I thought thy breeding in the Wars
Had dry'd that fountain up;
Yet truſt me it does become thee;
I ſhall e'en bear thee company.

La' Mar. We have all loſt a worthy man;
But Fate has cal'd him to a better place.

Malig. I hope ſo.

La' Mar. This may prove well for you:

You

You are the next in place, for to ſucceed him,
Malig. It never can prove well,
I having loſt ſo brave a Colonel;
But Gentlemen let me entreat,
You will to morrow morning order give
That all your men draw up together
Without Saint *Denis* Gate, and there receive
Some further orders:
D'elp. We will not fail;
Malig. O! I had forgot to tell you,
(My grief doth overwhelm my memory,)
Young *Beaupreſs* is married to *Bellmont*,
The ſiſter of our late Colonel,
Here privately, ſince that they came to Town;
D'elp. Did *Briſac* know ſo much before he dy'd?
Malig. Yes, yes! but not when they were marry'd,
He had bequeath'd her in his will to him,
And with her all his fortune:
D'elp. 'Twas noble Friendſhip in him,
I wiſh them joy and happineſs.
La' Mar. What Rumors that, about *Beaupres* ſucceſſion?
Malig. I know not, I, nor care not.
D'elp. If there be any ſuch report,
It ſprings from this occaſion,
Beaupres did, when his Uncle loſt his life,
Pretend unto this Regiment;
But young *Briſac*
Had then the promiſe of the firſt that fell,
For ſome brave Action he had done;
When *Beaupres* with him join'd in all,
As being long Comrades, forc'd it upon him,
And would not once diſpute it,
You ſince have ſeen he ſerv'd a Volunteer,
And would have no Command amongſt us.
La' Mar. Something I knew before;
But was not quite ſo perfect in the ſtory,
We ſhall obey your laſt Commands,
Adieu Major. — *Exit D'elp. La' Mar.*
Malig. He ha' th' Regiment, ha, ha, ha!

I, ſo

I, ſo he ſhall, that's my good Boy, make much on't;
Soft, ſoft ye fools, I have rods in piſs
For him, and for his curious Minx
She us'd me ſweetly; well, I muſt not truſt her,
She know's I am a Rogue,
And ſeeing me grow great with him
She may diſcover our laſt evenings walk,
How am I now beſet with my own plots,
That fool *Bonteſeu*, and he, for ought *I* know,
May grow to a right Underſtanding,
Ha! what becomes of me then? I have it
And each on th'other ſhall ſecure my fate. *Exit.*

Charlotte, held on a bed by *Mariane*
Francibel, *Dorville*.

Charl. Pray, Sirs, let me go, you uſe me too unkindly,
I never did any of you ſuch wrong;
Dorv. Take comfort, my dear Girl,
Thy father begs it of thee!
Charl. Why, *I* did beg of Heaven, and that was deaf,
Deaf to my Zealous prayers;
Ile never pray agen: but *I* will ſing
My ſelf into his bleſt Society.

SONG.

The Bells were rung, and the Maſs was ſung,
And all was for my Billy,
And all my friends my death had ſworn,
I would have none but Willy.

Hey, ho! break thou fooliſh heart;
Why doſt thou throb, and ſnub
Like Girls that are whipt,
Indeed *I* could be angry thou art ſo long a breaking.
Franc. She's much diſtemper'd, Sir,
Madam, for Heaven's ſake take patience to you.
Charl. What man is that?

Fran.

Fran. It is your Father, Madam!
Char. O pray, Sir, be gone: alas poor man! he weeps too.
Is it for *Briſac* you weep? nay then, pray ſtay,
We will all weep, ſhall we not? he would have wept
For me moſt bitterly, do not you think he would?
Fran. Yes ſurely, Madam.
Char. Alas poor man! come let me dry your cheeks:
Truly *I* take it very kindly of you, that you will weep
For my *Briſac*: did you lament my Mother ſo?
Would ſhe were with you now to comfort you, and *I*
Were in her place.
D'orv. Peace, my dear Child,
Thou like a tangled bird doſt beat
And fret thy ſelf to death.

Char. ſings.

Willy *was fair*, Willy *was ſtout*,
Willy *was like the Lilly*;
And Willy *promis'd to marry me.*

O! but he could not; for he dy'd, or elſe he would
Have kept his promiſe: was ever poor maid
So couzen'd; ſpeak, were you ever couzen'd?
Maria. No truly, Madam.
Franc. May be ſome Muſick may ſtill her ſpirits, Sir:
Shall my Siſter ſing?
D'orv. I Pray let her.
Fran. Sing Siſter! prethee ſing!

Mariana ſings.

Lady preſerve the Title of your heart,
And ne're commit ſo raſh a deed,
As when your Lover doth depart,
You may not leave off ſorrow with your weed:
Spoil not what once was thought ſo fair,
But quench remaining fire with a Tear;
And bury, when the next does come,
All ſad remembrance in this Tomb.

Char. Away, thou art out of tune and ſence,
If I needs muſt hear Muſick,
Let it be my poor Boy's Voice;
He once could pleaſe me with his melancholly Songs,
Pray, let him ſing.

D'or. Any thing to pleaſe thee, poor *Charlotte.*

Song within by the Boy.

Beyond the malice of abuſive fate
I now am grown, and in that ſtate
My heart ſhall mourn the loſs it has receiv'd,
When of its only joy it was bereav'd;
The Woods with eccheos do abound,
And each of them return the ſound
Of my Amintor's *name; alas, he's dead,*
And with him all my joys are fled,
Willow, Willow, Willow muſt I wear,
For ſweet Amintor's *dead, why was my dear.*

Fran. She's faln into a ſlumber.

D'or. No noiſe, make the room dark you do convey her to.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Maligni, Boutefeu.

Malig. I could not gueſs ſo much before.

Bout. P'heu! that can be no reaſon, Sir,
I never did pretend to her,
It's true, I've ſeen her often:
But marri'd are they; art ſure of that?

Malig. He and ſhe told me ſo themſelves,
I had ſome conference with her alone;
But what a Rogue am I!
I was commanded to be ſilent,
And yet this tongue of mine
It is ſo forward ſtill to do you good!

Bout. Why, Major, this to me!
If it be ought that I ſhould know?

Malig. Alas, Sir, it concerns no other man.

Bout.

Bont. And do you doubt my full diſcretion?
You and I have ſtill been friends.
Malig. And I am ſtill the readi'ſt man on earth
To do you ſervice,
But a Ladies honour
The Secret, Sir, is none of mine, but hers;
And *I* cannot diſpoſe on't to your truſt
Without her leave,
She ſays ſhe mainly doubts your carriage on't.
Bont. Doubts my carriage?
I have been truſted before now,
With half this Ceremony.
If I can do her ſervice tell me,
For ſhe's a very pretty woman,
And *I*'l do't, if you wont, chuſe!
Malig. Do her a ſervice?
'Tis to do one to your ſelf,
The greateſt too that e're your hopes could aim at.
Bont. Prethee, what is't, Major!
You torture me with theſe delays.
Malig. You never gave a cauſe to young *Beaupres*
Why he ſhould hate you ſo.
Bont. Never *I*, till to'ther night!
Malig. P'heu! that was only a requital
To his unkindneſs,
I'm ſure you meant it ſo.
Bont. I did.
Malig. But never any thing before?
Bont. Not *I*.
Malig. Why, then he does ſuſpect
As much as *I* am now acquainted with.
Bont. Let him ſuſpect his heart out,
Prethee what is't?
Malig. But you will not be rul'd,
And think it is below you thus to ſneak,
And hide your ſelf for ſuch a Lady.
Bont. I will be rul'd, *I* ſwear *I* will:
Thou ſtill ſhalt be my guide.
Malig. The fair *Bellmont* does dote upon you, Sir:

Pray, what Charms have you made uſe of.
Thus to enſnare ſo fair a woman?
Bont. You do not jeſt with me?
Malig. Not I,
Nay, if you hold me for a Villain,
I've done.
I knew my fooliſh tongue would be too forward.
Bont. Nay, now you are unkind;
But does ſhe love me ſo,
I'll to her ſtrait,
I would croſs hell to meet ſo fair a Lady.
Malig. Why look you, Sir, how raſh you are?
Take your own courſe,
This way ſhe'll never ſee you.
Bont. How then? dear Major, do you direct me.
Malig. Can you procure a Fryar's habit?
Bont. Ha — Yes, the Chaplain of our Regiment has one,
He us'd to preach in; I can take his.
Malig. Do then, ſhe ſhall meet you by the River ſide
below the Garden walk, make haſte, and ask no queſtions.
Bont. I'm gone; farewell! dear *Maligni*,
And if I thrive, command my life. [*Exit.*
Malig. Yes! I think I ſhall command thy life, [*Enter* Beau.
Or by thy hand be maſter of *Beaupre's*.
Beau. How doſt thou, *Maligni?*
What, all alone?
Malig. Sir, I was thinking with my ſelf,
How groſly I have err'd;
You ha'nt forgot, I'm ſure, our laſt diſcourſe,
Where you grew angry, about *Boutefeu*.
Beau. Hang him rude ſlave,
I never do think on him.
Malig. He was here even now;
And the fool thinks I am ſo much his friend,
There's nought he e're hides from me.
Beau. His ſecrets ſurely are not worth the hearing.
Malig. They may concern you, Sir, in time.
Beau. Me, alas, I do defie his malice.
Malig. But, Sir, there are ſome private hits,

And

And thoſe but ſeldom ſmart.

Beau. If he be ſtout, as I do think he is,
He will abhor to murder any man
That ready is to do him noble reaſon:
And if a coward;
He will not dare to think on't.

Malig. Nay, on my Conſcience, he'll ne're murder you;
But, Sir, by this I find, you are ſtill at odds,
May be your Lady does it for the beſt.

Beau. My Lady! what of her?

Malig. I ſay, ſhe, may be, ſooths him up,
To make you friends.

Beau. She ſooth him up! why, ſhe ne're ſpeaks to him.

Malig. Nay, there you are miſtaken, to my knowledge, Sir,
And he came thence ſo jocund and ſo gay:
She has much power over him!
That is moſt certain, Sir.

Beau. What's this I hear?

Malig. But ſhe ſhould chide him,
The quarrel was very prepoſterous,
And might wrong her fame.

Beau. 'Tis true, 'tis true! what an Owl am I?
Not to reflect on that.

Malig. But he was jealous of your better fortune.

Beau. He jealous of my *Bellmont?*

Malig. I, I, all the world might ſee that in his carriage,
But, why ſhe ſhould conſent to meet
A man diſguis'd, and privately.

Beau. I know ſhe will not.

Malig. But if I prove it to you,
Shall I then be believ'd?
She is the Siſter of my Colonel,
And now your Wife, whom I have ever lov'd,
She may ſome indiſcretions now commit
Will lie as heavy on her as a Crime.

Beau. My honeſt, honeſt, *Maligni*,
Do this, and tie me ever to thy ſervice.

Malig. Take you no notice, go, I'l bring ye where
You ſhall need no atteſt but from your eyes— [*Exit.* Beau.

So,

So, theſe Trout's a man may tickle from their Senſes. [Enter *Bout.*

Bout. I have the habit, Major.

Malig. Make much on't Boy; but keep your ſword about ye Under your Coat, in caſe of danger to prevent the worſt.

Bout. Thank's, Major, for your care:
I did intend ſo much. [*Exit Boutefeu.*

Malig. 'Tis not my fault if either of you live;
Fall both, And then Im'certain I ſhall thrive —— *Exit. Malig.*

Enter *Bellmon, Luyſon.*

Bell. Go ſee how my poor ſiſter *Charlotte* does,
And if ſhe be awake.

Luyſ. I ſhall, Madam. —— *Exit Luyſon.*

Bellm. How ſullen is my fate,
Thus to begin in mourning after marriage,
My Lords poor heart is over-charg'd with grief,
And we like Turtles grieve for poor *Briſac*;
Poor youth he was both Friend and Brother;
O Major! you are welcome, and I hope, *Enter Maligni,*
You have as well forgot the will to ſin,
As I have freely now forgot your fault.
You ſee the frailty of man's eſtate,
And then the ſure account we all muſt give,
Come be not ſad, this Counſel I do'nt mean
As a reproach, but for your real good;
For I do finde my brother lov'd you much.

Malig. Why did the Heav'ns create you then ſo fair,
O hide thoſe Eyes, for they would make
An auſtere Anchorite in Love with ſin.

Bell. You counſel well:
Hereafter Ile not move
This vail when you ſhall be in preſence.

Malig. 'Twas the good Counſel of your Ghoſtly Father,
Who now ha's eas'd my ſoul
Of a moſt heavy burthen it ſuſtain'd.

Bell. Truly, I do rejoyce in your Converſion.

Malig. He told me, Madam, he would ſpeak with you,
Alone, without acquainting of your husband,

Matter

Matter of Moment he pretends it is.
Bellm. What ſhould it be? can you not gueſs, good Major?
Malig. Yes! I believe about the difference
Happen'd between *Bouteſeu* and him;
I have a Letter from him to you.
Bell. To me! prethee let's ſee't.
Malig. The Prieſt ha's brought him to confeſs his fault,
But honour will not let him do't to your Lord,
And you are thought the fitteſt Medium now.
Bell. I wiſh I might prevail with them for peace,
How is ſhe, Wench? does ſhe ſtill ſleep? — *Enter Luyſan.*
Luyſ. No, Madam, ſhe's awake,
And 'tis a woful ſight to ſee her ſo.
Bell. I will go Viſit her.
Major, I ſhall remember what you told me of,
And will not fail to meet the father,
But pray where is't?
Malig. Below the Garden, by the River ſide.
Bell. Here, *Luyſan*, keep this Letter — *Exit.*
Malig. Nay, ſtay you here.
Luyſ. My Lady will chide, I dare not,
Ile meet you here anon.
Malig. What letter's that, let's ſee't?
Luyſ. Fy Major, oh here's my Lord--*forces the letter from her.*
Beau. Who was that juſt now *Enter Beaupres.*
Parted from you?
Malig. Your Lady's woman,
I am great with her, ſtay let me ſee the Letter
She ha's ſtoln.
Madam!
I ſhall not fail to meet you neer the garden,
By the River ſide, and there be obedient, in what
Ever you ſhall think moſt fit, *Bouteſeu.*
Why, look ye, Sir!
Thus unexpectedly I find a way
To keep my promiſe with you:
Beau. 'Tis not his hand,
He dares not write thus to her:
Malig. Are you ſo perfect in his Character?

Me-think's

Me-think's it is his hand.

Bean. I never did believe that he could write;
A ſenſe-leſs brute; but I grow fool in Words
And idle paſſion is for want of deeds.

Malig. What deeds?
Heaven guard your breſt from evil thoughts,
You will not, ſure, conclude that there is harm in this.

Bean. No, no, meet a man privately,
Diſguis'd as you do tell me,
One that durſt wrong me too, her husband,
Moſt excellent Meaning ſure there is in this,
O, I could tear her from my memory,
Nay, tear the heart that ever did contain
So baſe a Gueſt, as her baſe Whoriſh Love.

Malig. Fye, Sir, 'tis not ſo bad yet.

Bean. 'Tis not the body, but the mind
Can ever make it bad,
I'de rather have my wife 'twice raviſh'd,
Then once dare think the means how ſhe may act it,
But thou art honeſt *Maligni*
And know'ſt not half the cunning of theſe Women.

Malig. Alas, Sir, I.
You ſee, Sir, in her Carriage I was Cozen'd,
Nay, her Brothers eyes were ſeal'd too,
And yet that was not ſuch a Monſtrous Crime,
That ſhe ſhould take ſuch care in the Concealment,
How cloſe ſhe'd prove in matter of more moment.

Bean. And I, good-Natur'd Foo',
Read it obedience to my ſtrict Command.

Malig. Nay, may be 'twas ſo,
But ſhe's good Natur'd too,
And, I would have you ſtill avoy'd all ſcandal.

Bean. Good natur'd; ha?
Come lead me to this ſight,
I'm ſick till I be there,
And ſicker ſhall be far when I have ſeen it:

Malig. I will not be your guide,
If you miſconſtrue ought when you have ſeen it.

Beaup. Not be my Guide?
Thou ſhalt,
Or I will cut your throat, Officious Sir: [*Draws.*
Do you pretend to tell me this
Out of meer friendſhip? thinking to ſooth me up
To low diſhonour? You ſhould have held your tongue
If you did mean it, knowing me:
But now conduct me where I may ſee them both,
As thou didſt tell me too,
Or I will cut thy throat, becauſe thou knewſt not me,
And yet doſt know her weakneſs.
Malig. Come, put up your Sword,
Or keep it drawn ſtill againſt your Friend;
'Twill be no argument of courage, Sir,
Nor of much honeſty:
I will diſcover all I can unto you;
And if you raſhly deal, then blame not me;
For *I* grow mad to ſee your excellent Nature
Thus Fever-ſhook by a fond Womans fault;
But let me ſtill perſwade your wiſer thoughts
To fly all choler in your undertakings.
Beaup. I'le do no raſh unſeaſonable act,
Without a full examination,
That I'le promiſe thee.
Malig. Nay, if you come once to examining
You put them to a guard, and they'l defend
All queſtions you can then but offer to them.
Beaup. How then?
Malig. Why, as you pleaſe;
But *Bouteſeu* is very cholerick,
He'l ſcarce endure examination
Without the meaſuring of this.
Beaup. Would there were all my miſchief.
Prethee lets go, I ſtand on thorns. [*Exeunt.*
Malig. Come, if I can I will prevent your horns.
Enter Bouteſeu *like a Frier in the Garden.*
Bout. She is not here yet.
Methinks *I* look like Frier *Bacon*;
But *I* had better been ſtudying what to ſay;

Hang Speeches, I came to do;
For ſhe likes me already, then what need I talk?
O my ſweet *Maligni*!
I'le ſue for thee to my Siſter,
An t' wilt, for this kindneſs: [*Walks up and down.*
No Soul in Love, fond Boy, the Worlds great Soul.

Enter *Bellmont*.

Bell. Moſt Reverend Sir, you ſee I have not fail'd
In my obedience to your Meſſage ſent.
Bont. Nor will I ever fail whilſt I do breath
To be the humbleſt of your Servants, Lady.
Bell. Father! I cry you mercy, you are not the man
I took you for.
Bont. Yes but *I* am, Lady; See my hair is only put back;

Enter *Beaupres* and *Maligni*.

Beaup. Hell and Furies! Stay me not:
Bont. Ha! her Husband, with *Maligni* too!
O Villain; *I* am betraid;
Have comfort, Lady, *I* can defend ye well.
Bell. Me! *I* know ye not.
Beaup. But *I* do you. [*Wounds* Bellmont.
Bont. 'Twas baſe; here was the nobler mark,
As *I* am man, and therefore thou———
Beaup. Come, come, ye dog, thus *I* can muzzle ye.
Bont. No, not yet.
Beaup. Yes, now 'twill do, thus, doubly thus.
Bont. Had *I* but done the deed
It would not trouble me half ſo much to dye thus.
Bell. As you did e're love Heav'n
Hear me but ſpeak.
Malig. Madam, 'tis now too late.
Beaup. But *I* will hear her ſpeak,
And learn the truth from dying mouths.
Malig. Then keep them company. [*Runs at* Beaupres.
Bell. Heav'ns guard my dear *Beaupres*.

Beaup.

Beaup. Baſe treacherous Villain—— [Beaup. *diſarms him.*
What didſt thou mean in this?
Hey, *Bask!* help me to ty this dog: [*Enter Footman, binds him,*
Come, lead them to my Cloſet,
There *I* will learn the truth;
This place is too much open to the eye.
Bont. Pray, Madam, ere you go
Tell me one thing, and then I dye in quiet;
Did you e're ſend for me?
Bell. Not as I hope for mercy;
Nor did I till now know you.
Beaup. Who did perſwade you hither?
Bont. A baſe malicious Villain, and a Knave;
I find I was betray'd by my own folly.
Beaupres, give me thy hand;
As e're I hope to come at Heaven
'Tis *Malignis* has wrong'd both thee and me,
And this fair virtuous Lady.
This as I'm dying I am bound to tell, [*Dies.*
Beau. What canſt thou ſay to this?
Malig. I will ſay nothing but thou art an Aſs,
Though I have miſt my aim.
Beau. Convey him, Sirrah, to my Cloſet,
And kill him rather then permit eſcape. [*Ex. Malig.* Serv.
But O, what torments of Eternal Hell
Afflict my murther'd Soul!
Bellmont my fair! my dear *Bellmont*!
Could all the malice of a bloody Rogue
Tempt me to wound this breſt!
The Fountain of my Pleaſures, all my Joys!
O, my curſt Stars!
No bolt in Heaven to ſtrike ſo foul a Murtherer?
Bell. The Heavens ſhall ſure forgive thee my *Beaupres*,
If ever I get thither:
For *I* will be thy Interceſſour ſtill,
And knowing it was Love too much betray'd,
I will not grieve to dye thy Martyr;
But when *I* am gone
Believe my Honour ſtill as fair,

And that I ſtill did love my dear *Beaupree*,
Farewel, one kiſs, ſo [*dies.*
Bean. Ye Angels take her to your Guardianſhip,
Whilſt I muſt howl my fault ſo loud,
That Beaſts that hear the diſmal ſound
Shall frighted ſtand, and men with horrour ſweat, [*Enter* Bask.
Whilſt they imagine but my Agony.
O *Bask*, is he ſafe, here ſet theſe bodies up,
Now call the Governour
And all thou ſeeſt of my acquaintance,
Hark thee one word.
Thus like a Pilgrim, fore his honour'd Saint, [*Kneels to* Bellbody.
I offer up oblations of my Vows;
But like a ſinner ſteel'd in vice
I muſt deſpair the mercy I do call for;
For thou art cold my Girle, my poor *Bellmont*,
And though thy charity to'th laſt did blaze,
It was a fire will conſume my ſoul,
My eaſie couzen'd ſoul, which ought to loſe
Its immortality, ſince it did reaſon lack;
Come all ye Furies laſh me from this ſight,
But now I think on't, this is a Sanctuary,
No, I will firſt perform one act of juſtice,
(That I ſhould talk of juſtice now!)
And then *I* will deliver to your rage
All that *I* can of me——
Yet let thy mercy, heaven,
Allow me but her ſight, for my relief
Her pleaſing ſight——
For ſhe did ſpeak forgiveneſs at her death;
And wilt thou uſe ſo prodigal a mercy,
No, my *Bellmont*, *I* need no weapon for my death,
Grief for my fault will ſtop my breath.

Enter Maligni *gag'd and blinded with a Handkerchief twixt two ſervants.*

So ſet him there
And when *I* give the word, hark ye, [*Whiſpers.*

He

He not deſerves a worthier hand,
What made thee, Hell-hound, thus abuſe my ſoul,
Had'ſt thou no pity left thee in thy breſt,
Yet this ſame ſight would make *Alecto* weep;
Thou Cruel Dog ——
And I more Cruel Fool ——

Malig. I will not anſwer thee, do what thou wilt [*Noiſe here*

Beau. Away with him to Execution,
I hear em' coming —— [*Exeunt* with *Maligni.*

Enter *Dorville*, *D'elpech*, *La' Mareh*, *La Barr*, Attendants.

Moſt worthy, Sir, why, I have call'd you here,
That ſight will beſt inform you.

Dorv. Ha! dead! *Boutefeu* too in a Fryars weed.

Beau. You'l wonder more when I dare boldly tell you,
'Twas I that kill'd them both. ——

Dorv. Diſarm him ſome of you,

Malig. within —— O, O! ye Cruel Dogs!

Beaup. The firſt that does attempt it ſtraight ſhall find
The folly's great, when I m' reſolv'd to die!
But hear me quietly ſome few moments,
I promiſe to reſign it then:

Dorv. Will you therewith not do ſome harm firſt?
Not on your ſelf *I* mean?

Beau. I ſhall not need,
That have ſuch killing objects 'fore my eyes.

Malig. O, O, O!

Dorv. What voyce is that?

Beaup. Say, Sir, *I* beſt can tell you,
The voice it is of one
That wrought me to a miſchief, none but he,
So wicked Villain as he was,
Could ever give a birth to.

Enter *Luyſon.*

Luyſ. O! my Lady! my dear Lady!

Dorv. Peace, thou fooliſh woman!

But

But who is't, pray, Sir? He seem's to be wounded.
Beau. That horrid Monster *Maligni*,
Poor *Bellmont* could he behold thy Face
And plo ſuch Ruine to thy Loveliness?
Luyſ. Did he do this?
H' would have raviſh'd her once before in the garden.
Malig. Peace! Devil! peace!
Luyſ. Nay, it ſhall all out,
Ha's tempted me ſeveral times to leave ſome Letters
In her Chamber.
Beau. I find my ſoul's a fleeting after her's
And you'l have time enough t'examine this,
See, Sir, the Sacrifice of Innocence,—— Malig. *diſcover'd peirc't*
Now take my ſword, 'tis not in Surgeons Art *with a ſtake.*
To cure the fractures of a Broken heart!
Beſides that Villain ha's been buſie here;
Forgive me Dear *Bellmont*! forgive a Crime
Caus'd by my too much Love.—— *Dies.*
D'elp. I ever did ſuſpect that *Maligni*.
La. Mar. H' was a ſubtle and a Cruel Villain:
Luyſ. But, Sir, your daughter.
Dorv. Ha! what of her?
Layſ. Is dead? poor Lady dy'd diſtracted with her grief.
Dorv. I wiſh that mine
Could do that favourable office;
Heaven's how have I deſerv'd
Theſe ſad afflictions?
D'elpe. The beſt of cure and remedy is patience,
Then take it to you, Sir,
Remember Vertue call's upon you ſtrong.
D'orv. But, Sir, of late,
Vertues rewards are ſlow,
And I am too much oppreſt with cruel grief,
To ſtir my paſſions by her Moral rules!
O my poor Girl!
How cruel was thy fate?
D'elpe. Be not ſo much dejected, Sir!
We muſt ſubmit to him that makes all even,
And never Spurn againſt the will of Heaven. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

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